

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD

No. 2860.—VOL. CIV.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1894.

TWO SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS By Post, 6½d.



SARAH BERNHARDT AS IZEVL, IN THE NEW PLAY AT THE THÉÂTRE DE LA RENAISSANCE, PARIS.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

We have recently had specimens of what "our correspondents" consider the most pathetic lines in poetry, and continuations of these contributions in other forms are hinted at in various quarters; one journal invites the most patriotic stanzas, another the most heroic. I think it would be only fair that economy should also be represented. One of the chief characteristics of the "ballade," and its congeners is, it seems, to repeat the same sentiments as often as possible, and what seems a little audacious, in the very same words. It was probably not the custom, when this class of poetry was in vogue, to pay for contributions, as is now the case, by the word, or it is incredible that such "scamping" should have been tolerated. In Scotch poetry, as was to be expected, this economy is carried to an extreme extent. If a prize should be given for repetition of this sort, the affecting ballad—

O, gin I were where Gaudie rins,
should have a good chance. An antiquary informs us that no modern version of it is to be received as genuine, and only two lines of the original can be authenticated. They are as follows—

O, an I were where Gaudie rins, where Gaudie rins, where
Gaudie rins,
O, an I were where Gaudie rins, at the back of Benachie.
Upon the principle of its being impossible to have enough of a good thing, and on the understanding that Gaudie (about which, however, I know nothing) is, or was, a good thing, this excessive repetition may be defended; but it does strike one that poetical economy (a very different thing from poetical justice) is here pushed to its extreme limits, and even to parsimony itself. Some persons find it difficult to understand why singers repeat themselves, or rather their words, so constantly, which gives the impression of a poverty of ideas; but in many cases it is the ballad-maker who puts four Gaudies instead of one, and not the singer, who is in fault.

It is a favourite amusement with certain persons when some interesting crime has been committed to misrepresent themselves as the offender, knowing perfectly well that this sacrifice on the altar of justice will only cost them a day or two's captivity, while it confers upon them a delightful notoriety. There may be also some temptation in the proceeding akin to that habit of making ourselves worse than we really are, so attractive to some of us; but it seems to me to be treated with an excess of clemency. It is not a very good joke; it is a very stale one; it causes considerable public inconvenience; and it assists the real offender, by diverting suspicion, to escape. On the other hand, it seems desirable that more encouragement should be given to persons who, having committed crimes—whether discovered or otherwise—confess them, or, as the vulgar phrase goes, "give themselves up." Confession, the Church tells us, is good for the soul, but the Law makes it of no advantage (except there is a restitution of stolen goods, which may affect the length of sentence) to the body. It is one of the stupidities (if one may use the expression without offence) of the law that motive in an offender counts for little or nothing; but in this case it is not only that the motive is respectable, but that the act is of great public benefit. It saves trouble, it saves expense, and it precludes the possibility of a miscarriage of justice.

Only the other day an individual charged on his own confession with theft, and convicted, received a punishment which appears in no way to have been mitigated by the fact of his having been his own accuser. This is certainly bad judgment in every sense. Even if penitence were not (as it seems to have been) his motive, the act itself is surely some kind of reparation, and (in the saving of expense) actually effects it. Where crimes have been confessed which have never been suspected, this hard-and-fast system seems to be still more injudicious and deplorable. If one commits a murder, for example, "of which," as De Quincey puts it, "we may have thought little enough at the time," and then, after the lapse of years, confesses to it, it seems monstrous that one should get hanged for it exactly the same as though one had been caught redhanded in the very act. One cannot help thinking that this must in part be owing to the irritation of the law at the discovery that its "intelligent officers" (as they are called when they do catch their man) have made a mess of their business. There is a famous example on record, it is true, where an exception was made in the matter, but then there was "a lady in the case, when all other things (and especially the law) give place." My appeal is made on behalf of the self-accusing male.

At one time it was doubtful whether self-accusation was sufficient for conviction, and the matter was argued at the King's Bench. A justice of the peace had convicted a man on his own confession of having killed a hare. The statute, it was contended, only said that he might be convicted on the oath of one witness, but said nothing about confession. "Judge Eyre was of opinion that the judges were bound to keep to the very words of the statute, but the other three were against him." They rightly insisted that no evidence could be so strong; but not one word did they say of its superior merit. For my part, if I murdered

anybody, such as a critic—as in my youth I have, often wished to do—it would be no relief to me to make a confidant of the Church, and obviously a disadvantage to confess it to the Law.

There is a very sensible article in the *Spectator* in the form of a review of a volume of sermons entitled "Low Spirits." It naturally treats the subject, however, too much from the theological point of view. All of us are not devout, though we ought to be, and not enough allowance is made for poor human nature. We are told, and very properly, that we ought not only to be more grateful for our blessings, but also for the evils that we have escaped. But with ordinary folk it is necessary that they should have some personal apprehensions of an evil before they can attain this desirable state of mind. The author under discussion instances the passing away of the cholera from this country as a ground for gratitude. Anyone who has beheld with his own eyes the ravages of this terrible infliction, and been threatened with its attacks, has cause indeed for thankfulness that the plague was stayed before it reached his door; but it is too much to expect those who only know this scourge by hearsay, and understand it, as most of us understand war—as something that is "merely Continental"—to be grateful for its not crossing the silver streak. Our gratitude, like our sympathies, is with most of us limited to what happens to ourselves and our friends. The old lady who thanked Providence that though she had but two teeth left in her head they were opposite one another, is instanced as being unduly emotional; but it did not seem, doubtless, such a "small mercy" to her.

Low spirits are mostly constitutional, and depend largely upon our physical condition. G. H. Lewes used to admit that he never had any animal spirits, but only "vegetable" ones; and they cannot be amended by reflection, or making a profit-and-loss account (such as Robinson Crusoe made) of our blessings and their contraries. Moreover, there is often a compensatory balance, for those who have low spirits have sometimes very high ones. Dickens had spirits, as it seemed, above proof, and was rather impatient of despondency in his friends; he described one of them (a successful dramatist) to me as having but two phases, one that of dancing the Highland fling (he was a Scotchman), and the other that of lying on the hearthrug tearing his hair. The most habitually despondent folks I know are what are called "serious" people: so far from their seriousness having the effect our author presumes, their very cheerfulness is depressing, and their boasted resignation, the inner merit of which I do not question for a moment, has a very suspicious likeness externally to what, in the unregenerate, is called low spirits.

Mr. Andrew Lang (at the Sign of the Ship) has been making merry over the old criticisms in the *Quarterly Review*, which are certainly very funny, and incidentally making hay of Lord Byron's address to the ocean. It is amazing, indeed, how such a combination of bad metaphor and worse grammar should at any period have been thought so highly of, but still more so inasmuch as its statements were absolutely in contradiction to the passing events of the time. He says, "The wrecks are all thy deed [that is, the ocean's], nor doth remain a shadow of man's ravage save his own," which is not only grammatically nonsense but ignores the fact that at the very time, or nearly so, when those lines were written naval engagements were quite common, in each of which more "ravage" in loss of men and ships was wrought than by half-a-dozen tempests.

Cape Colony seems to have got a model Parliament; the members are paid per diem for attendance, and the Sessions only last for ninety days. This is the Eight-Hours Bill brought to a Council of Perfection, since everyone has an interest in getting the work done within a certain period, and no payment for overtime. It is needless to say that the sittings seldom exceed a quarter of the year exactly. There is some advantage in being an M.P. under these circumstances. I should be one myself—or, at least, as the money-lender said in the Ardlamont case, "I should have a try for it"—if this plan were introduced in England. From January to April (the 1st) in London might be passed without much self-sacrifice in this patriotic manner, and the rest of the year in complacent political retrospection. There would be no necessity for proposing the closure, for it would act automatically, as it were, on the ninetieth day. Members who come from a long distance are paid nearly twice as much as those who live on the spot, which is the only part of this admirable plan that seems open to objection. It strikes one that there might be occasionally some evasion, similar to that connected with our "bona-fide traveller": members might sometimes claim the extra payment without living quite so far away as is supposed. We have this difficulty in those clubs at home where members pay an annual subscription of one pound if they are living abroad, instead of ten pounds. There is a story of one of these absentees dwelling in a picturesque but out-of-the-way valley in Wales, who suddenly found himself confronted with the secretary of his club, on his holiday, in that district. It might have been very unfortunate for him, but, being exceedingly "well connected," he was allowed by the committee to pay

up his arrears, and, indeed, it might have been truly urged that though he was living in Wales he belonged to Bohemia.

A correspondent of the *Times* offers some excellent advice about guide-posts. In many parts of the country, and especially the wildest parts, where they are the most wanted, these useful teachers have become victims to the weather and the voluntary system. It is proposed that there should be some official expressly charged with their proper maintenance, and also their increase. Dwellers in towns who see the names of every street set up in some enduring material cannot easily imagine the discomfort and inconvenience of finding themselves at the four roads on Crackskull Common, or Quaking Marsh, with the would-be friendly guide-post in a state of aphasia. The most well-conducted persons have been known under such circumstances to use language of their own, which, though it may relieve the feelings, affords no practical remedy, and from a moral point of view is deplorable. These dumb guide-posts ought to be made to speak, but in the meantime it may be well to mention an old plan by which if they only happen to be blown down they will recover their sign-language. I forget where or when I heard it, but though it is as simple as it is efficacious, I have known it to defy the sagacity of a mathematician. You set up the post with one finger pointing to the place from which you have come (which one supposes you do know) and then the other three will perform their office.

A French naturalist who has been observing the habits of fishes has come to the conclusion that some of them at least can converse, though it must be confessed not in a manner that would be thought highly of in society. The sea-horse, in particular, "can produce certain sounds at will by the vibration of his muscles." These vibrations are caused by a little air-bladder, which is alternately extended and exhausted." Leigh Hunt makes fishes talk, and express their amazement at the human beings they see go by "unwet and slow"; and sometimes "linked fin by fin, most odiously"; yet, curiously enough, in his essay against mingling "our pleasure or our pride with sorrow of the meanest thing that feels," he dwells upon the dumbness of the victims of the gentle craft. If a perch could screech, he remarks, no angler would pursue his gentle art. If the French savant's views prove to be correct we shall owe an apology to our old friend Mr. Briggs in *Punch*, who stated that on one occasion a pike "barked at him."

I envy and admire the correspondents to the newspapers who are the first to write of our earthquakes and meteors. What courage and confidence they must be endowed with! If I felt the earthquake at night (it is always at night) and thought I saw things toppling about, I should say to myself, "I must be very bilious; where are my blue pills?" Or if, when all was dark, a sudden light overflowed everything, accompanied by crashes, I should say to myself, "What a state my nerves are in! where is my phenacetin?" To sit down at once, as these good folks do, and send off their marvellous experiences to the newspapers, not being sure that anybody else has heard or seen anything particular, strikes me as the height of audacity. To paraphrase a well-known argument, is it not much more likely that one should have been out of sorts, or even excited at dinner (by the salmon of course, "Salmon always makes us so") than that a miracle—that is, an earthquake or a meteor—should have happened? A modest man, and with a character to lose, would, one would think, on being for the first time confronted with a meteor, say nothing about it; except, perhaps, "I see sparks," which he knows is a bad sign; but these people have no doubts. "Driving out at ten o'clock at night, it being pitch dark," writes one, "the whole firmament suddenly burst out into a blaze of light. I stopped my pony, glancing in all directions, wondering what would happen next," but evidently quite prepared, whatever it was, to add it to his letter to the *Times*.

It is supposed that business letters are deficient in humour, and it is certain that the phrase "We beg to acknowledge your favour of the such-and-such an inst." is not generally the herald of amusement. Still, there have been some notable exceptions; and the very latest, kindly sent me by a member of the well-known wholesale soap-making firm (let us say) of Cake and Son, is one of the most brilliant. A retail dealer in a small way had sent for a consignment of their goods: "Gentlemen" (he writes), "wherefor have you not sent me the sope? His it bekawse you think my money is not so good as nobody elses? Dam you, Cake and Son! wherefor have you not sent the sope? Please send sope at once, and oblige your respectful servant, RICHARD JONES. P.S.—Since writing the above, my wife has found the sope under the counter." This is an absolutely genuine letter, and, I should think, unparalleled for fun among business transactions. One hardly knows whether to admire most Mr. Jones's emotional disposition, which seems to be quite feminine in its variableness; the elasticity of his language, which flies from stormy to serene and back again in a sentence; or the economy which forbids him to waste his literary effort even though he has found his "sope." His epistle should be made a model for correspondence in all commercial schools.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

At this time of the year we surely need to be brightened up a bit. Nature lacks colour, and art should supply the deficiency. The Carnival, or as much as we see of it in England, is over, and Lenten penance takes its place. The insistent gloom seems to have affected the playmakers and the players. Little did I expect to see in the course of a few hours a gloomy Richard Brinsley Sheridan and an artificial Polly Eccles! I have always associated the famous Irishman, dramatist and orator, with the gayest of his own creations. He must have been as reckless and extravagant as Charles Surface, beloved by women, prodigal to his friends, mercifully treated by money-lenders, and idolised by "Little Premium." Dick Sheridan may have been an unregenerate Bohemian, but he was surely never a bore. Mr. Robert Buchanan confesses that he has carefully studied the *bons-mots* of one who was once called a wit, and finds his humour somewhat strained. Such men, of course, have their moods. They must be melancholy as well as merry. The night's revelry is paid out by the morning's depression; still, for all that, it is a new view of Sheridan to see him so persistently lachrymose. The Bath romance in the early life of the young dramatist, when he ran away with the beautiful Miss Elizabeth Linley, in a fit of platonic devotion, to save her from the love of his own brother and the snares of Captain Matthews, and subsequently married her, makes, no doubt, a capital subject for a play. But if it was to be corrected or amended for the stage it would have been better, I think, to have emphasised the chivalrous side of the hero's nature instead of making him the victim of a relentless fate. However, the play as it stands gave Mr. Comyns Carr an opportunity of showing us beautiful and accurate pictures of the Sheridan period, when men dressed as smartly as the women did, when lovely faces were transferred to the canvas of Sir Joshua, and when Bath was the centre of society and scandal. If anyone wants to see the eighteenth century in action, an early visit should be paid to the Comedy Theatre, where we can see in Miss Winifred Emery a typical beauty, in Miss Vane a handsome intriguing dowager, in Mr. Lewis Waller a comely officer gorgeously attired in the old English uniform of the Guards, in Mr. Cyril Maude a fop and exquisite of the first water, in Mr. Brandon Thomas a delightful Irishman, half tutor, half servant, to a generous young master, and in Mr. H. B. Irving a new but not wholly uninteresting Sheridan. The acting of all these characters is not only creditable, but of the first class. It may be a strange fancy to enlist our sympathies for Captain Matthews instead of honest Dick Sheridan, but so it is. Mr. Lewis Waller gains in exact proportion as Mr. H. B. Irving loses. It is not the fault of the gallant Captain that he seems to get the mastery over the poor perplexed poet and dramatist. The dramatist has so told the story that the soldier scores continually off the author. Firm and defiant is the one; weak and vacillating is the other. It would not be in human nature to award our sympathies otherwise; in fact, it is a matter of surprise that the beautiful Bessie does not put herself under the protection of the man who planned the elopement instead of the sentimentalist who frustrated it. It is thus early in the play that a false, and, as I hold, an unnecessary, note of depreciation against Sheridan is struck. I cannot find in Moore, or in Mrs. Oliphant's monograph, or in Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's interesting volumes, in which he assuredly does not favour Sheridan, one word to show that the elopement at Bath was planned by Matthews and taken advantage of by Sheridan. Quite the contrary. Sheridan did it all, and enlisted women into his confidence in order to foil Matthews at every turn. The wonder was how such a youth could have found the money to carry out an enterprise that involved a posting journey from Bath to London, a halt in the city, a journey over seas to Dunkirk, and endless expenses until Miss Bess was safely housed in a convent. All these details belong to romance. We admire the hero who can platonically go through such anxiety. But when Mr. Buchanan tells us that the Captain arranged the elopement, ordered the carriages, planned the campaign, and probably paid for it in advance, while Sheridan sneaked in at the last moment and whisked away the prize—why, then our sympathies with Sheridan are reduced to freezing-point.

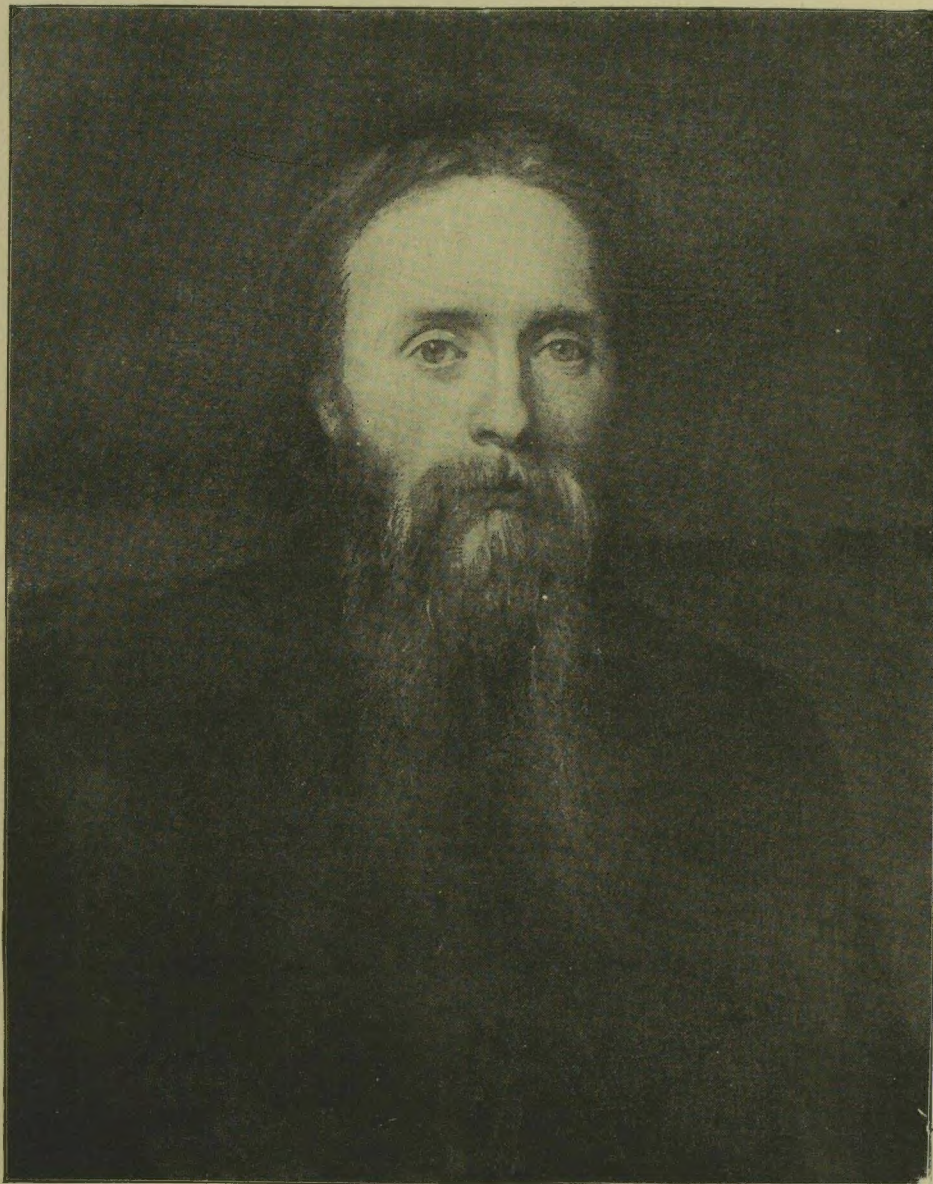
And now what shall I say of "Caste"? Well, honestly, it made me very sad. I heard everyone around me sneering at the play and saying it was old-fashioned and out of date, and wondering how it could ever have been effective, when I knew that it was all out of tune from one end to the other. Have you ever heard a woman of to-day, insensitive, destitute of feeling, ignorant of time and tune, sit down at a piano and sing some old ballad that was your mother's favourite years ago—the kind of song that made you as a child sit at her feet and listen wonderingly? Have you ever, with the soul of music in you, though with no practical experience, loved a mysticism by Chopin, a dream by Field, a revelation by Wagner, heard some incompetent amateur murder—yes, deliberately, in cold blood, slaughter, the first, the second, and the third, and then heard the audience say, "Well, I don't think much of

that," meaning that Chopin and Field and Wagner were over-rated impostors? Well, these were some of my feelings when I saw "Caste" deliberately murdered before my very eyes. If men and women can give delight to their fellow-creatures, why should they refuse to do so? Why should Mr. John Hare, in the prime of life, give up Sam Gerridge? He is as young and active now as when he first stepped on to the stage. Nature has aided him, why should he not obey Nature? Nature has not made him fat or unwieldy or out of the Gerridge picture. Why should he not "linger longer" in his old parts? The grand old Frederic Lemaitre did not give up. Ravel and Regnier and Bressant did not throw up the sponge at fifty. Benjamin Webster played, and played well, when he was nearly eighty. The veteran Henry Howe does not shirk his work. If prosperity is to take our Bancrofts and Hares away from us in the prime of life, then I say I wish the prosperity had come a little later.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

A RECOGNITION OF ART.

Sir Edward Burne-Jones, who is the third painter of our days on whom a baronetcy has been conferred, differs from his co-dignitaries in that while Sir Frederick Leighton and



SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES, BART.

Sir John Millais owe their fame to their connection with the Royal Academy, Sir E. Burne-Jones has made himself conspicuous as being the only elected Associate in the present generation who has deliberately divested himself of his honorific title. He was born at Birmingham in 1833, and educated at King Edward's School in that city, whence he passed on to Exeter College, having been intended by his parents for holy orders. He left Oxford without taking his degree, determined to follow art as a profession, and although he cannot be said to have been a pupil of Rossetti, he fell under his influence and attached himself to the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood as an outside follower. By some fatality his art first found its expression in religious themes, the legends of the saints having especial attractions for the young artist, and down to 1870 he worked chiefly in tempera, displaying a knowledge of Christian symbolism rather than a mastery of the technicalities of his art. From the legends of the saints he turned to northern sagas and pagan myths for inspiration, and in his treatment of these he displays at once the intuition of the poet and the laboriousness of the scholar. The strange but beautiful mixture of classicism and romanticism which his works display has probably been unrivalled since the days of the Italian Renaissance; while his aim to paint "idea" rather than to portray passion in his figures places him in a category distinctly apart from all painters of the present century. Among his earliest oil pictures, which were painted in 1867-68, were the "Four Seasons," which were sold in the Leyland collection a couple of years ago, but it was not until the Grosvenor Gallery opened that the English public had any knowledge of Sir E. Burne-Jones's works,

From 1873 down to the present time he has exhibited steadily every year, and among his best known pictures are the "Chant d'Amour," "Circe," "The Beguiling of Merlin," "The Days of Creation," "The Golden Stairs," "The Burden of Life," and the four magnificent pictures illustrating the "Legend of the Briar Rose." Sir E. Burne-Jones was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1885; but the only picture he ever exhibited at Burlington House was "The Depths of the Sea," which attracted more notice in Paris and obtained more distinction for the artist in that capital than it had earned for him among his colleagues.

MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT IN "IZEYL."

Madame Bernhardt has achieved a great success at the Théâtre de la Renaissance in a new play by MM. Armand Sylvestre and Eugène Morand. The part of Izeyl presents those striking contrasts in which this actress delights, and it is saturated, moreover, with that Orientalism which is so congenial to her talent. The story of the play is borrowed from the legend of Buddha. A young monarch is induced to surrender his throne and all the pomps and vanities of life by the preaching of a fakeer. He departs for the wilderness, to the surprise of his people, and is followed by Izeyl, a courtesan, who, in the pride of her beauty, has sworn to win him back to the world. Izeyl finds him proof against her wiles, and is herself converted after the manner of the Magdalen. Returning to the city she is "accosted," as Sir Toby Belch would say, by the prince who has succeeded the new prophet on his worldly throne; and in her revolt against this reminder of her old life she stabs her royal lover, and is given over to a lingering death by his vengeful mother. It may easily be imagined that Madame Bernhardt is a striking figure in the various phases of this tale, and that the mixture of the sensuous and the mystical is managed with consummate adroitness.

THE INCORPORATED LAW SOCIETY.

The Incorporated Law Society, which superintends the professional education and qualification of solicitors, on Wednesday evening, Jan. 31, at a dinner in its own hall in Chancery Lane, entertained a large company of visitors, the Marquis of Salisbury, the Earl of Jersey, the Earl of Rosse, the Bishop of Oxford, Lord Walsingham, the Vice-Chancellors of Oxford and Cambridge Universities, and some heads of colleges, several of the judges, members of Parliament, and Queen's Counsel. The chair was occupied by Mr. F. P. Morrell, President of the Incorporated Law Society, while Mr. John Hunter, the Vice-President, was in the central seat at another table. The Earl of Jersey was on the President's left hand, and Lord Salisbury was on his right. We present an illustration of the scene at this entertainment, which was remarkably successful.

THE EGYPTIAN NATIVE ARMY.

It is to be hoped that no further disagreeable consequences will be felt, in the relations between the young Khedive of Egypt and the able British military officers and administrators of the civil service, by whose agency the condition of that country has been greatly improved, from his late exhibition of a peevish and petulant temper.

There was certainly ground of personal offence in his discourtesy, when he publicly told so distinguished a Commander-in-Chief, or "Sirdar," as General Kitchener, at his inspection of the troops at Assouan, that one of the Soudanese regiments was "a disgrace to the Army." The remark is likely to have been unjust and untrue, or else it would not have been resented as it was by all the English officers; but a conceited youth, if he happens to be a sovereign prince, is apt to give himself airs of superior wisdom as well as of ruling authority, and to affect knowledge of affairs which he does not understand. The regiments of Soudanese black men formed of late years, since the Khartoum Nile Expedition, have unquestionably proved capable of fighting more bravely and steadily than any other native troops ever before in the Egyptian service, and no complaints of their want of discipline have been reported. We have every reason to believe that the Khedive's army, which has a total strength of 13,000 men, apart from the British troops, numbering little more than 3000, is sufficient not only for the maintenance of internal peace and order, but also for the defence of the existing southern limits of Egyptian territory against hostile Arab tribes or the remaining adherents of the Mahdist confederacy. It should always be remembered that Egypt for ages, under different rulers, in past history, was free from actual danger of invasion by the barbarians of the Soudan; and in abandoning those schemes of conquest which were unnecessary and unprofitable, the present Government has doubtless, under British advice, consulted the real interests of its subjects. In the meantime its native soldiery must not be contemned as worthless. The camel corps, indeed, has an aspect strange to European eyes, but may be useful in the desert.



A MORNING'S "ENTERTAINMENT" AT THE KASBAH, TANGIER: INFLICTING THE BASTINADO.

Sir A. K. Rollit. Lord Justice Davey. Mr. W. Williams. Lord Walsingham.
 Sir W. Markby. Sir Robert Hunter. Bishop of Oxford. Mr. Janson. Sir James Paget. Mr. A. A. Leigh. Lord Salisbury. Mr. F. P. Morrell, President. Earl of Jersey. The Rev. Dr. Boyd. Mr. Hollams.



Mr. Keen. Major Adair. Mr. C. T. Arnold. Mr. E. W. Williamson. Mr. Markby. The Rev. Dr. Woods. Mr. Cunliffe. Professor Jebb.
 Mr. W. W. Karslake. Mr. R. Lyttleton Gell. Mr. Vassall. The Rev. Dr. Price. Mr. Godden.
 Mr. Gamlen.

DINNER OF THE INCORPORATED LAW SOCIETY, CHANCERY LANE, ON WEDNESDAY, JAN. 31.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Osborne House, Isle of Wight, on Friday, Feb. 2, received her eldest daughter, the Empress Frederick of Germany, Princess Royal of Great Britain, who arrived from Flushing, on board the royal yacht Victoria and Albert, at East Cowes, and was met on landing by Princess Beatrice, with Prince Henry of Battenberg, and the Duchess of Albany.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, arrived on Saturday, Feb. 3, to visit the Queen and to meet the Empress Frederick.

The Queen and Court, on or about Feb. 17, leave Osborne for Windsor Castle.

The Duke of York, on Friday, Feb. 2, visited the town of King's Lynn, from Sandringham, and was received by the Mayor, Mr. W. Miles, with representatives of the Town Council and of the Norfolk County Council. His Royal Highness opened the new Technical Institute or School erected by the Corporation, and afterwards visited the West Norfolk and Lynn Hospital. The streets of the town were decorated, and the mayor gave a tea feast to 1300 children.

The London County Council, at its meeting on Feb. 6, discussed a resolution in favour of placing the police force of London under the authority of the Council, and passed it by a majority of sixty-one to fifteen. It was resolved that this expression of opinion should be communicated to the Government. The Theatres and Music Halls Committee were instructed to consider what steps can be taken to establish that all future licenses to music-halls be granted on the condition that intoxicating drinks shall not be consumed by the audience.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, on Feb. 6, at the annual dinner of the West Bristol Conservative Club, expressed his conviction that the rejection of the Home Rule Bill by the House of Lords was cordially approved by the majority of the electors of Great Britain, and was tacitly acquiesced in by the Irish Nationalists. The avowed policy of the Government now was to use the votes of Irish Nationalist members in carrying constitutional changes for Great Britain, especially for England, against the wishes of the English constituencies. This was turning Englishmen into the slaves of those who were at heart, and would be indeed, if they were bold enough, rebels to the Queen. He defended the action of the House of Lords, and challenged the Government to go to the country.

The entry of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, as Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, into the town of Gotha on Jan. 31, was attended with every sign of popular festivity.

The German Emperor, William II., must be gratified by the unanimous and hearty expressions of gladness with which his recent frank and gracious behaviour to Prince Bismarck, and the visit of personal reconciliation that has taken place at Berlin, are commended by national public opinion. His Majesty has promised to visit the illustrious statesman at Friedrichsruh, on his way to Kiel. The Chancellor of the Empire, Count von Caprivi, is understood to be well pleased with the restoration of friendly personal intercourse between the Emperor and Prince Bismarck. It is not expected to affect the present Government, except by lessening the antagonism of the Opposition party.

The Anarchist conspirator, Vaillant, who threw the explosive bomb into the French Chamber of Deputies, was put to death, by the guillotine, on Monday, Feb. 5, pardon being refused by M. Carnot, the President of the Republic. The Chamber was occupied two days with a debate on the naval administration, in which M. Lockroy found many serious faults; replies were made by M. Casimir-Périer, the Prime Minister, Admiral Lefèvre, the Minister of Marine, and, in a very effective speech, by General Mercier, the Minister of War, after which, on Feb. 1, a vote of 356 to 160 expressed confidence in the administration of the French Navy.

The French war against the fugitive King of Dahomey, in West Africa, has terminated by his surrender, on Jan. 25, at a place some distance north-west of Abomey, to General Dodds, who telegraphs the news from Gohu. King Behanzin will be sent a prisoner to Senegal and his Ministers to Gaboon.

The Emperor Alexander III. of Russia is steadily recovering from his recent severe illness.

The Italian Government has this year to encounter a financial deficit estimated at £5,200,000, but hopes to reduce its expenditure by £800,000, and to lay on additional taxes, with a monopoly of the sale of alcohol, of matches, and other articles.

Serious popular excitement and agitation in Lisbon and other cities of Portugal have been provoked by the fiscal measures of the Government, bearing hardly on industrial interests; the commercial associations, which had remonstrated, were dissolved by a Government order, and the tradesmen replied by closing their shops, while merchants stopped their business transactions. The King has made a special appeal to preserve public order, and the obnoxious decrees are to be modified or withdrawn.

The tariff of the new Russo-German commercial treaty has been settled, and the treaty will be signed in a few days, after which it will be submitted to the Federal Council. The Emperor has spoken strongly about the political and commercial necessity of the treaty and the lamentable consequences that would attend its rejection. The rates under the new tariff affecting German exports into Russia show a considerable reduction in the duties on

textiles, ceramic products, metals and their manufactures, and many other articles. In return the duty on Russian cereals, at present seven-and-a-half marks, will be reduced to three-and-a-half marks.

The United States House of Representatives, in the Congress at Washington, on Feb. 1, passed the Tariff Bill of the Democratic party, reversing the fiscal protective policy of the late "Republican" Government, by the decisive majority of 203 votes against 140; the Bill has gone up to the Senate. Extraordinary interest was shown by the public in the result of this severe legislative struggle, more than twenty thousand people crowding around the House.

The Khedive of Egypt, in opening the General Assembly at Cairo, on Feb. 6, alluded to the reforms and improvements which the Government had lately effected, including the reduction of taxation, the extension of railways, and the establishment of new tribunals at Tokar and Suakim. His Highness afterwards opened the Carnival, which passed off in an orderly manner.

MARIA DERAISMES.

BY EMILY CRAWFORD.

Mdlle. Maria Deraismes, a leader in the cause of women's rights in France, died on Feb. 6, at her residence in Paris. I have known most of the women of my time who have won eminence or pre-eminence. My nursery recollections embrace Maria Edgeworth, and those of girlhood Mrs.



Beecher Stowe. George Sand, Louise Ackermann, and Frederika Bremer live in my memory; but of all I have met and admired I cannot think of any who was born with a finer mind, had wider culture, more varied intellectual interests, or all-round greatness in as high a degree as Mdlle. Maria Deraismes. Nature gave her genius, which in her case was balanced by good sense sweetened by good humour and brightened by the gleam of playful wit. It was rather her bad than her good luck to be born to fortune. If she had had to win fame as a means of conquering independence, she must have taken her place among the greatest original thinkers and literary artists of the century. The spur of necessity was never on her. All impetus to action came from her own noble instincts or her desire to serve some of the different causes that she took up. She might have been famous as a musical composer, as a painter, a dramatic author. Talent was sometimes shown in writing comedies to amuse her own circle at her country house during rainy seasons. She could express her emotions and feelings with as great facility on the keyboard of her piano or with her pencil as with tongue or pen. Eloquence was her forte. She was led to cultivate it because some thirty-five years ago she took up the cause of women as against the legislation and the social prejudices that cramped their lives and narrowed their minds, and condemned most of them to, as compared with the other sex, intellectual inferiority. Maria Deraismes was, as a public speaker, certainly on a line with Jules Favre, Louis Blanc, and the other illustrious orators who were in their prime during the Empire.

Maria Deraismes belonged to the bourgeoisie of Paris, which at the time of her birth (1825) was liberal and Voltairean. But it believed in giving, up to a certain point, an old-fashioned education to its daughters. She came both under Voltairean and Catholic influences; her father, whose family consisted of two daughters, delighting in her bold,

bright, sturdy, and playful intellect. Her mother was a good soul, deeply pious, and loth to repress the mental instincts of Maria, who inherited them from a grandmother on the paternal side.

Maria was a delicate child. She had for her first preceptress her sister, Madame Feresse, who lived with her throughout a widowhood of over fifty years, and is a lady of charming social parts and brilliant in conversation. Maria was not an easy catechumen to manage when preparing for that most important rite in the Catholic Church—the first communion. However, she did not prove too refractory to be admitted to it and to be confirmed.

Her taste for eloquence then received a notable stimulus. Father Lacordaire had been stirring the Catholic world in France. Maria Deraismes was seized with a passionate admiration for that preacher. He was, in a way, a revivalist. It was hopeless to secure a seat at Notre Dame, where he delivered his courses of Advent and Lent sermons, unless she went at seven in the morning to get into the church at eight, and to occupy a chair until he mounted the pulpit in the afternoon. This ordeal was perseveringly gone through during many seasons. While waiting for the preacher she studied Greek and Latin. Her scholarship in the ancient classics was deep and brilliant. The sermons of Lacordaire and the mental discipline hearing them imposed put her on a train of thought entirely different from the one to which he sought to direct his penitents. She was in this new state of mind when the Revolution of 1848 burst suddenly on France. It was an immature movement. No question that it forced on was ripe for solution, and least of all equal rights. When the Empire arose it gave a pension to Prudhon, and the Church blessed the Empire. This all helped to make her break with her spiritual teachers. But she was well rooted in many beliefs which the Catholic Church defends—namely, that there is no healthy national life without sound family life; that marriage is the basis of all social order and social and historical continuity; that it links the child with the past, secures fit preparation for the adult phase of life, and is a school in which the spirit of duty, of self-sacrifice, of reason get the upper hand of passion and of the baser instincts. She held, and that with no lukewarm faith, that the material world is a meaningless world unless taken as figuring the moral truths that lie behind it. Nature is God's code of hieroglyphics, the true meaning of which we come to understand in keeping the conscience unwarped and the moral sense keen and healthy. Above everything else, Maria Deraismes was a moralist and a spiritualist. The unflinching zeal and energy with which she defended the cause of women was due to her conviction that she was adopting the best course to free her country from the charge of licentiousness.

Maria Deraismes should not be confounded with those busy women who rush on platforms for notoriety's sake. She was free from vanity, recoiled from anything that might strike herself or others as self-advertisement, and found her reward in the after-effects on herself of the good deeds she was always doing. Her platform words reflected her daily life, and therein lay their strength. She began her career of lecturer in 1862. What she said was a distillation of weeks or months of special studies on the top of a deep mine of general information. Nobody beyond her intimate circle knew that she and her sister hardly ever dismissed a servant, and that they never sent an old servant away without a good pension, or that when their carriage-horses were worn out they admitted the right of the poor beasts to food and idleness for the rest of their lives. There was nothing physically elegant in the woman, but she was all round interesting. She was fond of pretty and bright colours, and looked her best when in Sunday clothes. Her figure was rather thick-set; her clear, greenish-hazel eyes sparkled with fun and good humour. Now and again there was a stroke of the wing that bore her and those who listened to her high above the prose of life. Then there would be a few warm and vibrating words that carried all away. As a polemist she was terrible. No branch of science was a sealed book to her. True to her methodic French nature, she divided her life into three parts. One was given up to study, another to her sister and her friends, and the rest to action, into which deeds of private benevolence largely entered. The sisters had each a separate set of rooms on the same flat, and three common rooms, which included a handsome library. One sister never entered into the separate establishment of the other unless invited, and made it a rule not to ask what visitors were received there. Their house was one of the most charming in Paris. Maria's genius attracted the most eminent persons in all branches of literature and art and science. Her sister was, as a conversationalist, not less brilliantly gifted. Their wealth enabled them to be generously hospitable. In the country they lived in an old monastery, which they fitted up comfortably. It might be said of their servants, protégées, and domestic animals that they sat under the shadow of the two women with great delight. When that inexorable malady, cancer, declared itself, Maria's one thought was to console her sister.

Conquering pain, she drew up the petition which was presented to the Senate and Chamber of Deputies for certain civil rights to be extended to women. In a few pregnant sentences, she, who was all her life a Republican, stated how much Frenchwomen had lost by the Revolution, and how little they had gained. Maria Deraismes, in speaking at home to her friends, advocated complete emancipation. But, as a standard-bearer, she was for making well-defined demands, and not too many at a time. The Masonic body took her up and admitted her to the first degree of Freemasonry. Her initiation took place at Le Grand Orient, and a medal was struck by order of that body to commemorate the event.

PERSONAL.

A highly esteemed parish clergyman in the Camden Town district of North London, the Rev. Frederick John Ponsonby, has died at the age of fifty-six, much regretted by his neighbours, especially by the poor. He was the second son of the late Major-General Sir Frederick Cavendish Ponsonby, K.C.B., and his mother was a daughter of the third Earl Bathurst; his elder brother is Sir Henry



Photo by Samuel A. Waller.
THE LATE REV. F. J. PONSONBY.

Ponsonby, private secretary to the Queen. Mr. Frederick Ponsonby was educated at Merton College, Oxford. He was during five years after his ordination curate of St. Giles', Reading, and was for a twelvemonth chaplain at Hampton Court Palace. In 1868 he became Rector of Brington, in Northamptonshire; but, desiring more active labours among the London poor, undertook in 1877 to succeed the late Rev. Edward Stuart, a clergyman of remarkable zeal and self-devotion, as Vicar of St. Mary Magdalen's, in Munster Square, adjacent to Albany Street, on the west side of Regent's Park. Here Mr. Ponsonby worked most diligently, and won the sympathies of a large number of the people in that vicinity by his care for their social and religious welfare. His ecclesiastical views were those of the High Church school.

Mr. Gladstone's daily exercise at Biarritz is certainly not like that of a man who feels the weight of more than fourscore years. On a wet day in a high wind he was discerned on the cliffs, walking without either waterproof or overcoat, the rain streaming from his soft felt hat. The spectacle of the Atlantic in a gale had a strong attraction for the old man, whose life has been spent in storm, and who has been accustomed to ride the political whirlwind. This recreation at Biarritz scarcely suggests the mood in which statesmen abandon the cares of public life.

Mr. Selous, most indefatigable of Nimrods, has returned from Africa with many stories of the Matabili War, which, in his opinion, reflects the highest credit on Mr. Rhodes and the militant colonists. He gives the clearest explanation we have yet had of the shooting of the Matabili envoys at Toti. These chiefs, it appears, took alarm when they were told that they would have to remain in the camp, and that if they attempted to escape they would be shot. At the time it was not known that the envoys had come from Lo Bengula with Mr. Dawson, who had left them and gone with Mr. Selous to get a cup of tea. In his absence they were disarmed and marched off by a corporal's guard. On the way one of them seized a bayonet and stabbed two of the escort, and in a few moments he was shot, and another of the Matabili was clubbed with a rifle. This, according to Mr. Selous, was a deplorable accident, though why in any circumstances it should have been thought necessary to treat three indunas as prisoners is not apparent even now.

Dr. Dulcken, whose death took place on Sunday, Feb. 4, was not a particularly striking figure in our latter-day literary world, but he will be deeply regretted by the large circle which recalls his wide learning and accurate knowledge. He was the son of Madame Dulcken, the celebrated pianist, who numbered Queen Victoria among her pupils and Mendelssohn among her friends. In the early fifties he was associated with this Journal in a literary capacity, and many of the volumes of German translations in the famous "Bohn Series" were from his pen. He has in later years done duty as an energetic compiler of school-books and works of reference for Messrs. Ward and Lock, the well-known publishers, for whom he acted as literary adviser. He died at the age of sixty-one.

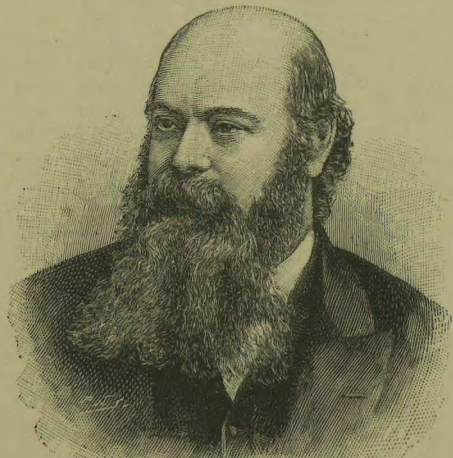


Photo by E. Wheeler, Brighton.
THE LATE DR. DULCKEN.

The Lords have made havoc with the Local Government Bill. By depriving parish councils of control over parochial charities which are not strictly ecclesiastical, by exacting the direct payment of rates by the agricultural labourer, and by making the compulsory acquisition of land impossible except after application to Parliament, Lord Salisbury and the majority of the Peers have completely transformed the main provisions of Mr. Fowler's measure. As the Government will not assent to these changes,

there is a considerable probability that the Bill will be lost unless Lord Salisbury should waive the advantage of his supremacy in the Upper House. This is unlikely, in view of the evident belief of the Unionists that the country will support them in any attitude they may think fit to adopt towards the legislative projects of the present Ministry. A dissolution, however, is not imminent, for Ministers seem determined to carry several important Bills through the Commons, at all events, this year, and leave the Peers to reject them.

The debates in the Lords have been distinguished by some interesting personal incidents. The most notable of these was the opposition of the Duke of Devonshire to an amendment providing for the direct levy of the poor rate on the occupier of the house or part of a house. In the first place, the Duke questioned the constitutional right of the Lords to make any such change in the system of rating; then he declared that no parochial plan for carrying out the direct levy could be devised; and, finally, he recommended the Lords to trust to the natural shrewdness of the agricultural population to prevent excessive expenditure. This speech virtually destroyed the amendment, and Lord Salisbury, in acknowledging this, made some strong observations about the Duke of Devonshire's action, which were received by that nobleman with characteristic fortitude.

Another incident was the meeting between Lord Salisbury and Mr. Henry Fowler. The President of the Local Government Board has stood patiently for many hours on the steps of the throne, watching the fate of his measure with paternal solicitude, and occasionally prompting members of the Government who walked from their bench to seek his counsel. One Conservative amendment was treated by Lord Salisbury in a curious way. He said he should not vote for it, but he should not advise his followers to vote against it; so they carried it with great cheerfulness, while their leader abstained from the division and took the opportunity to seek the society of Mr. Fowler. The spectacle of Lord Salisbury extending his hand genially to the Minister whose pet progeny he had been cutting up was an interesting lesson in human brotherhood.

The Swiss Federal Republic has an army which is twofold: the "Elite" and "Landwehr," comprising the



Photo by Jean Kolla, Thun.
THE LATE GENERAL HERZOG.

regular cavalry and artillery; the engineers, sixteen infantry brigades, transport and administrative branches, are maintained by the Government of the Confederation; while the Cantons maintain the "Landsturm" or Reserve, which is nominally estimated at 276,000 men. The training, instruction, and equipment of the former have often been commended. Much improvement has been effected in the general condition of the Swiss military forces by an able chief, the late General Hans Herzog, who died at Aarau a few days ago. He was born in 1819, became an artillery officer, and was appointed director of that branch of the service. During the war between France and Germany, in 1870 and 1871, he commanded the army employed to guard the neutrality of the frontiers of Switzerland. A French army of 80,000 men, under General Clinchant, peacefully laid down its arms, on entering Swiss territory, by arrangement with General Herzog. But his experience at that time led him to complain of the inefficiency of the Cantonal troops, and to demand reforms, which have, we are told, in great measure been carried into execution of late years.

Count Caprivi's statement in the Reichstag makes it plain that in the opinion of the German Government the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha is in no sense a British subject. A sovereign German prince can owe no allegiance except to the German Emperor. In the event of a conflict of interests between England and Germany, Duke Alfred would be bound to use all his influence against us, even while he was receiving ten thousand a year from the British taxpayer. Of course, everybody hopes that such a conflict will never arise, but the argument of Count Caprivi makes the Duke's position in regard to the British Treasury extremely difficult, if not untenable.

Mr. A. W. Gattie, the author of "The Transgressor," a serio-comedy now being played at the Court Theatre, is a genial, powerful-looking man of thirty-seven years of age. He comes of a literary family, his father having written numberless pamphlets, including "The Ruin of the Sudan," whilst an article written by one of his brothers in the *Fortnightly Review* on "What English People Read" provoked a discussion which is yet remembered. Mr. Gattie was educated at the Brighton Grammar School, and at the age of eighteen he entered the Bank of England as a clerk. In that respectable institution the

future dramatist spent fifteen weary years, in his spare time writing extravaganzas, dramas, comedies, and short story pot-boilers, according to his moods. "The Transgressor" took the author twelve months to write, and was offered in turn to most of the leading London managers. Mr. Gattie owes his late success in more senses than one to Miss Olga Nethersole, for this lady saw infinite capabilities in the then despised manuscript, and it was owing to her efforts that the play was finally produced. Mr. A. W. Gattie is brother to the amateur chess champion.

Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, might have been truly described by Elijah Pogram as "one of the most remarkable men in our country." He made his wealth out of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* which, according to American standards, is about as unenterprising a paper as can be found in the world. It disregards the sensationalism of its contemporaries, and carries decorum to the point of dullness. Mr. Childs was not a cultivated man, but he had a simple-hearted love of associating himself with celebrity wherever he found it. He was hospitable to every form of distinction that found its way to Philadelphia. He presented Stratford-on-Avon with a drinking-fountain as a memorial of Shakspeare. He liked to surround himself with relics of departed greatness, and took much pride in a lock of Abraham Lincoln's hair. But his chief merit was his patriarchal interest in the welfare of the people in his employ. A better employer of labour never lived. He was constant in acts of kindness to his men. One of his favourite ways of showing appreciation was to present a workman with a policy of life insurance, with the premiums paid up. He had a weakness for seeing himself in print, especially in little pamphlets, which he generally presented to a visitor, together with a cup and saucer. But he was an upright, kindly soul, whose death is more sincerely mourned than that of many a far more distinguished man.

THE LATE MR. G. W. CHILDS, OF PHILADELPHIA.

Canada has lost one of the most prominent of her public benefactors in Mr. Peter Redpath. Mr. Redpath lived most of his life in Montreal, and his gifts to the McGill University alone are said to have exceeded a hundred thousand pounds.

Colonel Norman Horsford, the Chief Commissioner of the British Indian Government's penal convict station in the Andaman Islands, Bay of Bengal, has been the subject of a murderous outrage, perpetrated by one of the prisoners. The Colonel was attacked on Jan. 20 by a man with a heavy chopper, who was prevented, however, from doing worse than inflicting two or three slight wounds. It will be remembered that Lord Mayo, Viceroy of India, was killed there in a similar manner in 1872.

Auguste Vaillant has paid the penalty which some people thought he would escape. There seems to have been an idea in Paris that at the last moment President Carnot would commute the capital sentence, but fortunately the President was not guilty of such an act of weakness. For a criminal of the Vaillant type justice can have only one method. The execution was witnessed by a large crowd, but there was not the smallest sympathy with the prisoner. Evidently Vaillant failed to excite the personal interest which a section of the Paris populace discovered in Ravachol. The Anarchists threaten to avenge their comrade, but the French Government must be perfectly well prepared for the struggle. They have the enormous advantage of dealing with an enemy whose aims and methods alike make no appeal to reformers. Anarchy desires destruction and not the redress of grievances.

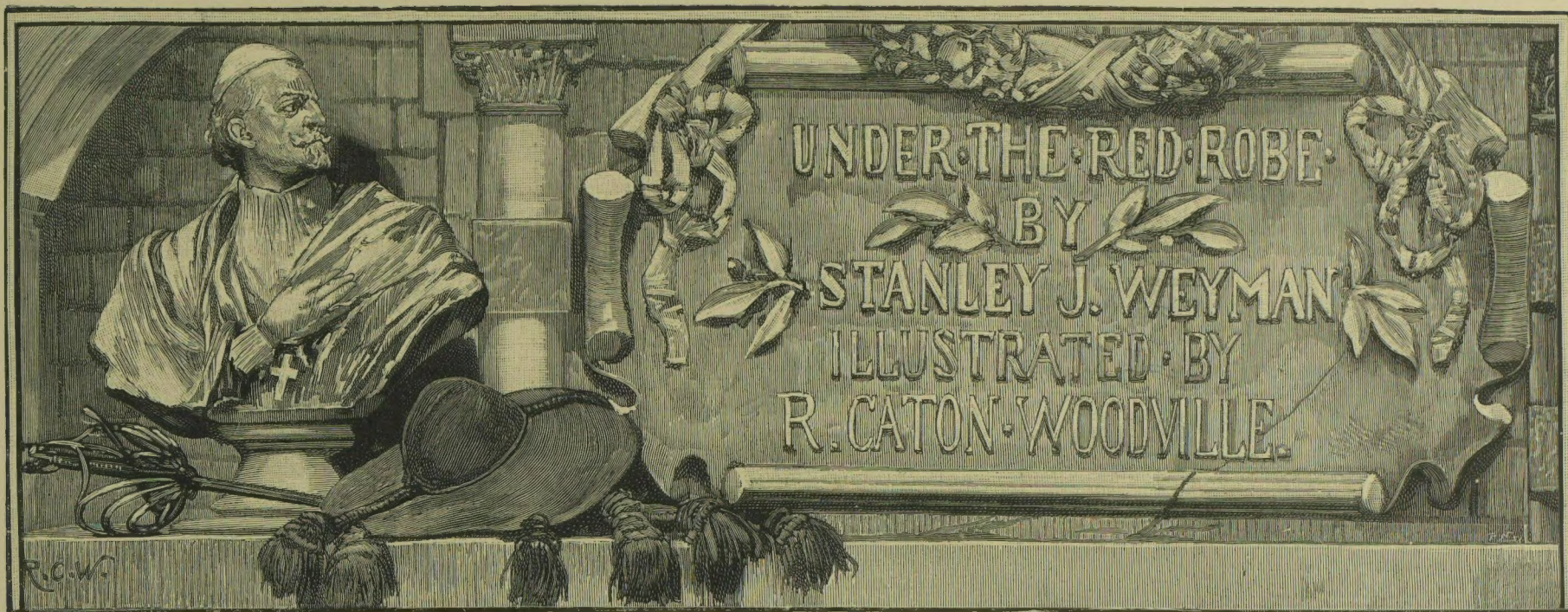


A solid silver Jardinière, of massive proportions, presented to J. E. B. Baillie, Esq., on his marriage, by the Tenants and Peasants of the Kingussie Estate. It was designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, 112, Regent Street, London, W.



THE NATIVE EGYPTIAN ARMY: THE CAMEL CORPS.

DRAWN BY W. H. OVEREND.



CHAPTER VI.

UNDER THE PIC DU MIDI.

So that was their plan. Two or three hours to the southward, the long white glittering wall stretched east and west above the brown woods. Beyond that lay Spain. Once across the border, I might be detained, if no worse happened to me, as a prisoner of war; for we were then at war with Spain on the Italian side. Or I might be handed over to one of the savage bands—half smugglers, half brigands—that held the passes; or be delivered—worst fate of all—into the power of the French exiles, of whom some would be likely to recognise me and cut my throat.

"It is a long way into Spain," I muttered, watching in a kind of fascination Clon handling his pistols.

"I think you will find the other road longer still!" the landlord answered grimly. "But choose, and be quick about it."

They were three to one, and they had firearms. In effect I had no choice. "Well, if I must I must?" I cried, making up my mind with seeming recklessness. "*Vogue la galère!* Spain be it. It will not be the first time I have heard the dons talk."

The men nodded, as much as to say that they had known what the end would be; the landlord released my rein; and in a trice we were riding down the narrow track, with our faces set towards the mountains.

On one point my mind was now more easy. The men meant fairly by me, and I had no longer to fear, as I had feared, a pistol-shot in the back at the first convenient ravine. As far as that went, I might ride in peace. On the other hand, if I let them carry me across the border my fate was sealed. A man set down without credentials or guards among the wild desperadoes who swarmed in war-time in the Asturian passes might consider himself fortunate if an easy death fell to his lot. In my case I could make a shrewd guess what would happen. A single nod of meaning, one muttered word, dropped among the savage men with whom I should be left, and the diamonds hidden in my boot would go neither to the Cardinal nor back to Mademoiselle—nor would it matter to me whither they went.

So while the others talked in their taciturn fashion, or sometimes grinned at my gloomy face, I looked out over the brown woods with eyes that saw yet did not see. The red squirrel swarming up the trunk, the startled pigs that rushed away grunting from their feast of mast, the solitary rider who met us, armed to the teeth, and passed northwards after whispering with the landlord—all these I saw. But my mind was not with them. It was groping and feeling about like a hunted mole for some way of escape. For time pressed. The slope we were on was growing steeper. By and by we fell into a southward valley, and



I had him at the end of the gun, and my finger was on the trigger.

began to follow it steadily upwards, crossing and recrossing a swiftly rushing stream. The snow peaks began to be hidden behind the rising bulk of hills that overhung us, and sometimes we could see nothing before or behind but the wooded walls of our valley rising sheer and green a thousand paces on either hand; with grey rocks half masked by fern and ivy jutting here and there through the firs and alders.

It was a wild and sombre scene even at that hour, with the mid-day sun shining on the rushing water and drawing the scent out of the pines; but I knew that there was worse to come, and sought desperately for some ruse by which I might at least separate the men. Three were too many; with one I might deal. At last, when I had cudgelled my brain for an hour, and almost resigned myself to a sudden charge on the men single-handed—a last desperate resort—I thought of a plan: dangerous, too, and almost desperate, but which still seemed to promise something. It came of my fingers resting in my pocket on the fragments of the orange satchet; which, without having any particular design in my mind, I had taken care to bring with me. I had torn the satchet into four pieces—four corners. As I played mechanically with them, one of my fingers fitted into one, as into a glove; a second finger into another. And the plan came.

Still, before I could move in it, I had to wait until we stopped to bait the flagging horses, which we did about noon at the head of the valley. Then, pretending to drink from the stream, I managed to secure unseen a handful of pebbles, slipping them into the same pocket with the morsels of stuff. On getting to horse again, I carefully fitted a pebble, not too tightly, into the largest scrap, and made ready for the attempt.

The landlord rode on my left, abreast of me; the other two knaves behind. The road at this stage favoured me, for the valley, which drained the bare uplands that lay between the lower spurs and the base of the real mountains, had become wide and shallow. Here were no trees, and the path was a mere sheep-track covered with short crisp grass, and running sometimes on this bank of the stream and sometimes on that.

I waited until the ruffian beside me turned to speak to the men behind. The moment he did so and his eyes were averted, I slipped out the scrap of satin in which I had placed the pebble, and balancing it carefully on my right thigh as I rode, I flipped it forward with all the strength of my thumb and finger. I meant it to fall a few paces before us in the path, where it could be seen. But alas for my hopes! At the critical moment my horse started, my finger struck the scrap askant, the pebble flew out, and the bit of stuff fluttered into a whin-bush close to my stirrup—and was lost!

I was bitterly disappointed, for the same thing might happen again, and I had now only three scraps left. But fortune favoured me, by putting it into my neighbour's head to plunge into a hot debate with the shock-headed man on the nature of some animals seen on a distant brow; which he said were izards, while the other maintained that they were common goats. He continued, on this account, to ride with his face turned the other way. I had time to fit another pebble into the second piece of stuff, and sliding it on to my thigh, poised it, and flipped it.

This time my finger struck the tiny missile fairly in the middle, and shot it so far and so truly that it dropped exactly in the path ten paces in front of us. The moment I saw it fall I kicked my neighbour's nag in the ribs; it started, and he, turning in a rage, hit it. The next instant he pulled it almost on to its haunches.

"*Saint Gris!*" he cried; and sat glaring at the bit of yellow satin, with his face turned purple and his jaw fallen.

"What is it?" I said, staring at him in turn. "What is the matter, fool?"

"Matter?" he blurted out. "*Mon Dieu!*"

But Clon's excitement surpassed even his. The dumb man no sooner saw what had attracted his comrade's attention, than he uttered an inarticulate and horrible noise, and tumbling off his horse, more like a beast than a man, threw himself bodily on the precious morsel.

The innkeeper was not far behind him. An instant and he was down, too, peering at the thing; and for an instant I thought that they would fight over it. However, though their jealousy was evident, their excitement cooled a little when they discovered that the scrap of stuff was empty; for, fortunately, the pebble had fallen out of it. Still, it threw them into such a fever of eagerness as it was wonderful to witness. They nosed the ground where it had lain, they plucked up the grass and turf, and passed it through their fingers, they ran to and fro like dogs on a trail; and, glancing askance at one another, came back always together to the point of departure. Neither in his jealousy would suffer the other to be there alone.

The shock-headed man and I sat our horses and looked on; he marvelling, and I pretending to marvel. As the two searched up and down the path, we moved a little out of it to give them space; and presently, when all their heads were turned from me, I let a second morsel drop under a gorse-bush. The shock-headed man, by and by, found this, and gave it to Clon; and, as from the circumstances of the first discovery no suspicion attached to me, I ventured to find the third and last scrap myself. I did not pick it up, but I called the innkeeper, and he pounced on it as I have seen a hawk pounce on a chicken.

They hunted for the fourth morsel, but, of course, in vain, and in the end they desisted, and fitted the three they had together; but neither would let his own portion out of his hands, and each looked at the other across the spoil with eyes of suspicion. It was strange to see them in that wide-stretching valley, whence grey boar-backs of hills swelled up into the silence of the snow—it was strange, I say, in that vast solitude to see these two, mere dots on its bosom, circling round one another in fierce forgetfulness of the outside world, glaring and shifting their ground like cocks about to engage, and wholly engrossed—by three scraps of orange-colour, invisible at fifty paces!

At last the innkeeper cried with an oath: "I am going back. This must be known down yonder. Give me your pieces, man, and do you go with Antoine. It will be all right."

But Clon, waving a scrap in either hand and thrusting his ghastly mask into the other's face, shook his head in passionate denial. He could not speak, but he made it clear that if anyone went back with the news he was the man to go.

"Nonsense!" the landlord retorted fiercely. "We cannot leave Antoine to go on alone with him. Give me the stuff."

But Clon would not. He had no thought of resigning the credit of the discovery, and I began to think that the two would really come to blows. But there was an alternative, and first one and then the other looked at me. It was a moment of peril, and I knew it. My stratagem might react on myself, and the two, to put an end to this difficulty, agree to put an end to me. But I faced them so coolly and showed so bold a front, and the ground was so open, that the idea took no root. They fell to wrangling again more viciously than before. One tapped his gun and the other his pistols. The landlord scolded, the dumb man gurgled. At last their difference ended as I had hoped it would.

"Very well then, we will both go back!" the innkeeper cried in a rage. "And Antoine must see him on. But the blame be on your head. Do you give the lad your pistols?"

Clon took one pistol and gave it to the shock-headed man.

"The other!" the innkeeper said impatiently.

But Clon shook his head with a grim smile and pointed to the arquebuss.

By a sudden movement the landlord snatched the pistol, and averted Clon's vengeance by placing both it and the gun in the shock-headed man's hands. "There!" he said, addressing the latter, "now can you do? If Monsieur tries to escape or turn back, shoot him! But four hours' riding should bring you to the Roca Blanca. You will find the men there, and will have no more to do with it."

Antoine did not see things quite in that light, however. He looked at me, and then at the wild track in front of us; and he muttered an oath and said he would die if he would. But the landlord, who was in a frenzy of impatience, drew him aside and talked to him, and in the end seemed to persuade him; for in a few minutes the matter was settled. Antoine came back and said sullenly "Forward, Monsieur," the two others stood on one side, I shrugged my shoulders and kicked up my horse, and in a twinkling we two were riding on together—man to man. I turned once or twice to see what those we had left behind were doing, and always found them standing in apparent debate; but my guard showed so much jealousy of these movements that I presently shrugged my shoulders again and desisted.

I had racked my brains to bring about this state of things. But, strange to say, now I had succeeded, I found it less satisfactory than I had hoped. I had reduced the odds and got rid of my most dangerous antagonists; but Antoine, left to himself, proved to be as full of suspicion as an egg of meat. He rode a little behind me, with his gun across his saddle-bow, and a pistol near his hand, and at the slightest pause on my part, or if I turned to look at him, he muttered his constant "Forward, Monsieur!" in a tone that warned me that his finger was on the trigger. At such a distance he could not miss; and I saw nothing for it but to go on meekly before him to the Roca Blanca—and my fate.

What was to be done? The road presently reached the end of the valley and entered a narrow pine-clad defile, strewn with rocks and boulders, over which the torrent plunged and eddied with a deafening roar. In front the white gleam of waterfalls broke the sombre ranks of climbing trunks. The snow line lay less than half a mile away on either hand; and crowning all—at the end of the pass, as it seemed to the eye—rose the pure white pillar of the Pic du Midi shooting up six thousand feet into the blue of heaven. Such a scene, so suddenly disclosed, was enough to drive the sense of danger from my mind; and for a moment I reined in my horse. But "Forward, Monsieur!" came the grating order. I fell to earth again, and went on. What was to be done?

I was at my wit's end to know. The man refused to talk, refused to ride abreast of me, would have no dismounting, no halting, no communication at all. He would have nothing but this silent, lonely procession of two, with the muzzle of his gun at my back. And meanwhile we were fast climbing the pass. We had left the others an hour—nearly two. The sun was declining; the time, I supposed, about half-past three.

If he would only let me come within reach of him! Or if anything would fall out to take his attention! When the pass presently widened into a bare and dreary valley, strewn with huge boulders, and with snow lying here and there in the hollows, I looked desperately before me, and scanned even the vast snow-fields that overhung us and stretched away to the base of the ice-peak. But I saw nothing. No bear swung across the path, no izard showed itself on the cliffs. The keen sharp air cut our cheeks and warned me that we were approaching the summit of the ridge. On all sides were silence and desolation.

Mon Dieu! And the ruffians on whose tender mercies I was to be thrown might come to meet us! They might appear at any moment. In my despair I loosened my hat on my head, and let the first gust carry it to the ground, and then with a oath of annoyance tossed my feet loose to go after it. But the rascal roared to me to keep my seat.

"Forward, Monsieur!" he shouted brutally. "Go on!"

"But my hat!" I cried. "*Mille tonnerres*, man! I must—"

"Forward, Monsieur, or I shoot!" he replied inexorably, raising his gun. "One—two—"

And I went on. But, oh, I was wrathful! That I, Gil de Berault, should be outwitted and led by the nose, like a ringed bull, by this Gascon lout! That I, whom all Paris knew and feared—if it did not love—the terror of Zaton's, should come to my end in this dismal waste of snow and rock, done to death by some pitiful smuggler or thief! It must

not be! Surely in the last resort I could give an account of one man, though his belt were stuffed with pistols!

But how? Only, it seemed, by open force. My heart began to flutter as I planned it; and then grew steady again. A hundred paces before us a gully or ravine on the left ran up into the snow-field. Opposite its mouth a jumble of stones and broken rocks covered the path. I marked this for the place. The knave would need both his hands to hold up his nag over the stones, and, if I turned on him suddenly enough, he might either drop his gun, or fire it harmlessly.

But, in the meantime, something happened; as, at the last moment, things do happen. While we were still fifty yards short of the place, I found his horse's nose creeping forward on a level with my crupper; and, still advancing, until I could see it out of the tail of my eye, and my heart gave a great bound. He was coming abreast of me: he was going to deliver himself into my hands! To cover my excitement, I began to whistle.

"Hush!" he muttered fiercely: his voice sounding strange and unnatural. My first thought was that he was ill, and I turned to him. But he only said again, "Hush! Pass by here quietly, Monsieur."

"Why?" I asked mutinously, curiosity getting the better of me. For had I been wise I had taken no notice; every second his horse was coming up with mine. Its nose was level with my stirrup already.

"Hush, man!" he said again. This time there was no mistake about the panic in his voice. "They call this the Devil's Chapel. God send us safe by it! It is late to be here. Look at those!" he continued, pointing with a finger which visibly shook.

I looked. At the mouth of the gully, in a small space partly cleared of stones stood three broken shafts, raised on rude pedestals. "Well?" I said in a low voice. The sun, which was near setting, flushed the great peak above to the colour of blood; but the valley was growing grey and each moment more dreary. "Well, what of those?" I said. In spite of my peril and the excitement of the coming struggle I felt the chill of his fear. Never had I seen so grim, so desolate, so God-forsaken a place! Involuntarily I shivered.

"They were crosses," he muttered in a voice little above a whisper, while his eyes roved this way and that in terror. "The Curé of Gabas blessed the place, and set them up. But next morning they were as you see them now. Come on, Monsieur, come on!" he continued, plucking at my arm. "It is not safe here after sunset. Pray God, Satan be not at home!"

He had completely forgotten in his panic that he had anything to fear from me. His gun dropped loosely across his saddle, his leg rubbed mine. I saw this, and I changed my plan of action. As our horses reached the stones I stooped, as if to encourage mine, and by a sudden clutch snatched the gun bodily from his hand; at the same time I backed my horse with all my strength. It was done in a moment! A second and I had him at the end of the gun, and my finger was on the trigger. Never was victory more easily gained.

He looked at me between rage and terror, his jaw fallen. "Are you mad?" he cried, his teeth chattering as he spoke. Even in this strait his eyes left me and wandered round in alarm.

"No, sane!" I retorted fiercely. "But I do not like this place any better than you do!" Which was true enough, if not quite true. "So, by your right, quick march!" I continued imperatively. "Turn your horse, my friend, or take the consequences."

He turned like a lamb, and headed down the valley again, without giving a thought to his pistols. I kept close to him, and in less than a minute we had left the Devil's Chapel well behind us, and were moving down again as we had come up. Only now I held the gun.

When we had gone half a mile or so—until then I did not feel comfortable myself, and though I thanked Heaven the place existed, thanked Heaven also that I was out of it—I bade him halt. "Take off your belt!" I said curtly, "and throw it down. But, mark me, if you turn, I fire!"

The spirit was quite gone out of him. He obeyed mechanically. I jumped down, still covering him with the gun, and picked up the belt, pistols and all. Then I remounted, and we went on. By and by he asked me sullenly what I was going to do.

"Go back," I said, "and take the road to Auch when I come to it."

"It will be dark in an hour," he answered sulkily.

"I know that," I retorted. "We must camp and do the best we can."

And as I said, we did. The daylight held until we gained the skirts of the pine-wood at the head of the pass. Here I chose a corner a little off the track, and well sheltered from the wind, and bade him light a fire. I tethered the horses near this and within sight. It remained only to sup. I had a piece of bread; he had another and an onion. We ate in silence, sitting on opposite sides of the fire.

But after supper I found myself in a dilemma; I did not see how I was to sleep. The ruddy light which gleamed on the knave's swart face and sinewy hands showed also his eyes, black, sullen, and watchful. I knew that the man was plotting revenge; that he would not hesitate to plant his knife between my ribs should I give him a chance. I could find only one alternative to remaining awake. Had I been bloody-minded, I should have chosen it and solved the question at once and in my favour by shooting him as he sat.

But I have never been a cruel man, and I could not find it in my heart to do this. The silence of the mountain and the sky—which seemed a thing apart from the roar of the torrent and not to be broken by it—awed me. The vastness of the solitude in which we sat, the dark void above through which the stars kept shooting, the black gulf below in which the unseen waters boiled and surged, the absence of other human company or other signs of human existence, put such a face upon the deed that I gave up the thought of it with a shudder, and resigned myself, instead, to watch through the night—the

long, cold, Pyrenean night. Presently he curled himself up like a dog and slept in the blaze, and then for a couple of hours I sat opposite him, thinking. It seemed years since I had seen Zaton's or thrown the dice. The old life, the old employments—should I ever go back to them?—seemed dim and distant. Would Cocheforêt, the forest and the mountain, the grey Château and its mistresses, seem one day as dim! And if one bit of life could fade so quickly at the unrolling of another, and seem in a moment pale and colourless, would all life some day and somewhere, and all the things we—But faugh! I was growing foolish. I sprang up and kicked the wood together, and, taking up the gun, began to pace to and fro under the cliff. Strange that a little moonlight, a few stars, a breath of solitude should carry a man back to childhood and childish things!

It was three in the afternoon of the next day, and the sun lay hot on the oak groves, and the air was full of warmth as we began to climb the slope, on which the road to Auch shoots out of the track. The yellow bracken and the fallen leaves underfoot seemed to throw up light of themselves, and here and there a patch of ruddy beech lay like a bloodstain on the hill-side. In front a herd of pigs routed among themast, and grunted lazily; and high above us a boy lay watching them. "We part here," I said to my companion. It was my plan to ride a little way on the road to Auch so as to blind his eyes; then leaving my horse in the forest I would go on foot to the Château.

"The sooner the better!" he answered with a snarl. "And I hope I may never see your face again, Monsieur!"

But when we came to the wooden cross at the fork of the roads, and were about to part, the boy we had seen leapt out of the fern and came to meet us. "Hollo!" he cried in a sing-song tone.

"Well!" my companion answered, drawing rein impatiently. "What is it?"

"There are soldiers in the village."

"Soldiers?" Antoine cried incredulously.

"Ay, devils on horseback!" the lad answered, spitting on the ground. "Three score of them! From Auch!"

Antoine turned to me, his face transformed with fury. "Curse you!" he cried. "This is some of your work! Now we are all undone! And my mistresses! *Sacré!* if I had that gun I would shoot you like a rat!"

"Steady, fool!" I answered roughly. "I know no more of this than you do!"

This was so true that my surprise was as great as his. The Cardinal, who rarely made a change of front, had sent me hither that he might not be forced to send soldiers, and run the risk of all that might arise from such a movement. What of this invasion, then, than which nothing could be less consistent with his plans? I wondered. It was possible, of course, that the travelling merchants, before whom I had played at treason, had reported the facts; and that on this the Commandant at Auch had acted. But it seemed unlikely. He had had his orders too, and under the Cardinal's rule there was small place for individual enterprise. I could not understand it.

One thing was clear, however. I might now enter the village as I pleased. "I am going on to look into this," I said to Antoine. "Come, my man,"

He shrugged his shoulders, and stood still. "Not I!" he answered, with an oath. "No soldiers for me! I have lain out one night, and I can lie out another!"

I nodded indifferently, for I no longer wanted him; and we parted. After this, twenty minutes' riding brought me to the entrance of the village; and here the change was great indeed. Not one of the ordinary dwellers in the place was to be seen: either they had shut themselves up in their hovels, or, like Antoine, they had fled to the woods. Their doors were closed, their windows shuttered. But, lounging about the street were a score of dragoons, in boots and breastplates, whose short-barrelled muskets, with pouches and bandoliers attached, were piled near the inn door. In an open space where there was a gap in the street, a long row of horses, linked head to head, stood bending their muzzles over bundles of rough forage, and on all sides the cheerful jingle of chains and bridles and the sound of coarse jokes and laughter filled the air.

As I rode up to the inn door an old sergeant, with squinting

HANS ANDERSEN'S STORIES.

Stories by Hans Christian Andersen. With Pictures by Arthur J. Gaskin. (George Allen, London and Orpington.)—Many hands will linger lovingly upon these two fine volumes of Andersen's stories. Though every line of them be familiar—though the motley crowd of elves and sprites and wonder-workers be as well known to us as Oberon or Puck or Peaseblossom, the magic of the Dane's wand remains as potent as in the old time, the lilt of his song moves as when first the curtain rose and the whole splendour of his fancy was tricked out for our delectation. And this, despite the labour of gaudy imaginations and patient plotters, to whom the writing of romance or fairy tale is no strange art to-day. Hans Andersen, indeed, can have no imitators in his prodigious wealth of creative facility, or in his naive ingenuity of freshness and design. His pages pass before you unclouded with the shadow of reminiscence or mere compilation. You do not, as in Perrault and others of his kind, meet at every turn the

cloaked and hooded father of many a settle story or many a mother's tale. Nor, indeed, is the good spirit of phantom or fairy ever breathing upon his heroes or his heroines to the banishment of the more simple *Leit-motiv* of pathos and prettiness which is the finer music of the higher fiction. Story succeeds story, and the visions of the Master change with all the rich surprises of the imaginative kaleidoscope, passing from grave to gay, from palaces to sheepfolds, from the deep emotions of the man to the patter of the wonder-working child, with a readiness and a charm which are the stable mark of a profound genius. Even as the Catholic Church sings of each bishop, "There is none to be found like unto him," so in this aspect of individuality and creative fertility, which are all his own, does the first of the Danes stand without rival, living or dead. What other mind could have put so much that is touching, so much that is human, into the few pages which tell of the love of the steadfast tin soldier for the little paper lady by the looking-glass



The two knaves whom I had brought from Paris with me, and whom I had left at Auch to await my orders, came up. I made them a sign not to speak to me, and they passed on.

eyes and his tongue in his cheeks, eyed me inquisitively, and started to cross the street to challenge me. Fortunately, at that moment the two knaves whom I had brought from Paris with me, and whom I had left at Auch to await my orders, came up. I made them a sign not to speak to me, and they passed on; but I suppose that they told the sergeant that I was not the man he wanted, for I saw no more of him.

After picketing my horse behind the inn—I could find no better stable, every place being full—I pushed my way through the group at the door, and entered. The old room, with the low grimy roof and the reeking floor, was half full of strange figures, and for a few minutes I stood unseen in the smoke and confusion. Then the landlord came my way, and as he passed me I caught his eye. He uttered a low curse, dropped the pitcher he was carrying, and stood glaring at me, like a man possessed.

The soldier whose wine he was carrying flung a crust in his face, with "Now, greasy fingers! What are you staring at?"

"The devil!" the landlord muttered, beginning to tremble.

"Then let me look at him!" the man retorted, and he turned on his stool.

He started, finding me standing over him. "At your service!" I said grimly. "A little time and it will be the other way, my friend."

(To be continued.)

pond; who, other than the wizard of Odense, could have set up that castle of porcelain, and the nightingale which lived upon the tears of an Emperor? The old man reading, or the bright-eyed child that listens—who is the more fascinated as the red shoes dance; more enchanted as the rose-elf throbs on the bosom of the lover? Nay, in such simplicity and in such sweet dreaming is an epoch made as Andersen made one, and laid up for himself a treasure of reputation which time cannot stale nor rivals wither. There can be no book better to buy in these days, when ghosts come forth in cheap editions and spooks are offered at a prompt reduction for cash; and the quaint illustrations which Mr. Arthur J. Gaskin has added to the production are not the least worthy amongst the many attractions of it. Here, truly, is a feast for big children and for little ones, a very library which seems to include all that is best in the dream-world.

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LITERATURE.

TENNYSON ILLUSTRATED.

The Scenery of Tennyson's Poems. Forty Etchings after John Duncan and Others. With Letterpress by Beata Francis. (London: J. and E. Bumpus, 1894.)—This



"The brook that loves
To purl o'er matted cress and ribbed sand."
From "*The Scenery of Tennyson's Poems*" (J. and E. Bumpus).

sumptuous volume is a fitting recognition of the late Laureate's love of the country and of his keen observation of Nature's most delicate moods and changes. In scarcely one of his poems, opened at random, shall we fail to find some reference to country life, some simile taken from the aspects of nature, some thought suggested by the scenes in which the story is set, or by which the writer was surrounded. Many have traced the successive influences of Somersby and the Lincolnshire wolds—of Somersetshire lanes and the shores of the Bristol Channel—of the banks of the Thames when living at Twickenham in the early years of married life—and subsequently of Freshwater and Haslemere, the spots between which he divided his time in later years. By this method future critics will possibly be able to trace Tennyson's wanderings by his poems, and Miss Beata Francis seems ready to take the lead in this subtle analysis. In this way she connects "The Miller's Daughter," "New Year's Eve" especially, with Lincolnshire, on account of the allusions they contain to may-trees and hawthorns, which abound in the bleak districts round Spilsby. The half-reclaimed fen country is dwelt upon in "Locksley Hall"; while "The Brook" which "murmurs under moon and stars in branchy wildernesses" is a lifelike description of many a Lincolnshire beck, "lingering by its shingly bars and loitering by its cresses." It requires a wider stretch of fancy to connect the country of "The Lotos-Eaters" with Somersetshire, although there—

The full juice apple, waxing over-mellow,
Drops in a silent autumn night;

but we have little difficulty in identifying with that county the island-valley of Avilion and other spots referred to in the Arthurian legend as told by Tennyson. The volume before us, testifying as it does to the liberality and enterprise of the publishers, shows how difficult it is for painters and etchers quite to realise the poet's ideal of scenery, however truthful they may be in rendering Nature herself. They look at her from different points—the poets treating her subjectively and the painters objectively. This is the reason of the failure, in so many cases, of illustrated editions of the poets; for the artists employed fail to convey to the reader's eye the ideas which the poet evolves. The latter is not restricted in the same sense as the painter, who feels that his interpretation must be limited to prose renderings of natural objects. The various artists who have been engaged upon this work have done their best

to avoid this difficulty. They have made careful studies of scenery in various places with which Tennyson is known to have been familiar, and they have left to the literary editor the task of adapting to them such poems and passages as seem most suitable. On the whole, it must be admitted that Miss Francis has acquitted herself with both tact and taste; but the full realisation of the publishers' intention was, we fear, unattainable for the reasons we have ventured to suggest. With regard to the etchings themselves, several of them are of excellent quality and full of spirit. It is to be regretted that they should have been uniformly printed so dark, and generally composed in too complex a spirit. The first thought of the artist who aims at distinction in etching is to discover what lines can be left out without marring or missing the sense of the subject under treatment. It is the secret of Mr. Whistler's unrivalled place among modern etchers (and in this he follows the greatest masters of the art) that he can often express more by a single line than others do in a dozen, the result being that his work is always luminous and suggestive; in a word, he has the poetic faculty of making one sensible of the "things unseen."

THE SWEEPINGS OF
DE QUINCEY.

Conversation and Coleridge. With other Essays. By Thomas de Quincey. ["Post-humous Works," edited by A. H. Japp, LL.D. Vol. II.] London: Heinemann, 1893.—After receiving sixteen volumes of De Quincey's writings, mostly collected and revised by himself, the world felt tolerably well satisfied that justice, and even a little more than justice, had been done to his position in literature. It would perhaps be unfair to describe these additional volumes as sweepings of the Opium-Eater's study, but the description might not prove altogether misleading; for although some of the contents are not without interest, both intrinsic and personal, others are dull and trivial, while there is a total absence of anything tending to enhance the author's reputation. The essay which lends its title to the volume promises most, but does not least disappoint the reader. It seems to have been prompted

by a wish to explain to a censorious world the "temper" in which the reckless papers about Coleridge, published in *Tait's Magazine*, had been composed, but no explanation is offered beyond a contention that the critic was never "a friend" of the great man—only an acquaintance who greatly admired his intellectual powers, and who deplored the weakness of his character. To such destitution of

ingenuity and of charity had a malignant fate condemned this most subtle and most gentle-natured man and critic! Of apology, which was the one thing needful, there is not a word. Nor is there anything about "Conversation" in general, or of Coleridge's failure (in which he strikingly resembled his critic) to honour the rules of the game, which has not been at least as well put by many writers greatly inferior to De Quincey. The essay rambles off into a dozen irrelevant byways; in short, it is so unhappy an example of De Quincey's frequently most felicitous habit of "rignarole" that there is no room for wonder why it found its way not into the pages, but into the "Balaam-box" of *Maga*. It was probably from some such limbo either of De Quincey's own, or of his editors, that most of the papers here printed were fished. The exceptions may likely enough have been the articles on "Finlay's History of Greece" and on Cicero, which form not altogether unworthy supplements to those on the same subjects which De Quincey included in his collected "Works." There is an essay on Wordsworth and Southey which couples these eminent men as possessing in common a "high creative genius"; and another, in which Coleridge's criticism of Wordsworth is described as "generally wayward and one-sided, but sometimes desperately opposed to every mode of truth." Not seldom De Quincey "into strange vagaries fell," but of this vagarious habit he himself collected and reprinted so ample a body of evidence as to relieve his editors from the task of further illustration.

A POET'S NOVEL.

White Poppies. By May Kendall. (London: Ward, Lock, and Bowden.)—Should a book be judged by the canons of art, which no one knows exactly; or by the personal tastes of the critic, which no one wants to know at all; or by the tastes of those readers for whom the book is obviously written? A difficulty in the way of the latter is that a book is very often not obviously written for any class. What internal evidence is there in the story in this case? John Trevanion, the hero—and it must be easy to be a hero with such a lovely mesopotamic name as Trevanion—is a poor but lecturing man; he is engaged in paying off by slow degrees the debts which his father incurred through the failure of the Kobinoor Company; Vi is in love with him, but he is not in love with Vi; he is in love with Elsie, and Elsie is in love with him; but he is poor and cannot marry, and goes away. Then a rich man in Australia dies and leaves Trevanion money. He returns to Elsie, but his ship comes into collision in the Channel. It is believed at first that he is dead, and one need not tell the rest. For what class is this story written? There is a class which insists that the hero shall have much such a name as Trevanion; that the companies in fiction shall all fail disgracefully; that if the hero begins poor he shall always end rich, and always by the agency of a *dive* ex Australia; that navigation in fiction shall be uniformly disastrous and deplorable; that at some period or other the heroine shall believe the hero to be dead when he is not, and so on. And if this class were offered anything less commonplace it would be annoyed.

But when one goes further into "White Poppies" one becomes puzzled. There are streaks of originality in it; there are sentences in it that one is glad to remember, whereas in most novels as commonplace in plot and incident there are sentences which one can never hope to forget. The character of Henrietta is well drawn; she commits suicide, and she is just the kind of woman that ought to commit suicide and commit it soon; but, though she is an unpleasant person, her unpleasantness in these pages is most lifelike and well observed. Then it is made clear that the author cares very much for some things for which the lovers of the commonplace do not care at all. The conclusion to which one comes is that the author is weakest in creative and constructive power, best in sketching feminine character and writing flippant dialogue. It is the commonplace novel, but with a difference. One likes the difference, another likes the commonplace, and so both are pleased—or, at least, that seems to be the most charitable way to put it. It is quite easy to believe and hope that the author will write a much better book: creative power is often a later gift, and it is that which seems chiefly to be wanting in "White Poppies."



"The stately ships go on."
From "*The Scenery of Tennyson's Poems*" (J. and E. Bumpus).



RAPHAEL AND HIS MODEL.

THE GREAT SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND.

No. VII.



PORTRAIT OF THE FOUNDER.
FROM HOLLAND'S "HEROÏOLOGIA," 1620.

ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL has always borne, to a remarkable degree, the impress of its founder. In creating it, he created a type. The mind that conceived the idea had discerned the beginning of a new era in the education of the country. The control of that education by the clergy, necessary as it had originally been, and beneficent, was on the eve of passing away. Colet was the first to realise the importance of the change. He anticipated by some three centuries the judgment of posterity. The claim to ecclesiastical control over schools was still asserted, in an Act of 23 Elizabeth, in the Canons of 1603, in the Act of Uniformity. It was not formally withdrawn till the time of the Georges. A few inquiring spirits then discerned that there was no trace of it in the St. Paul's School statutes of 1518.

The importance of this, in estimating the full significance of Colet's work, has hardly been recognised among

John Colet, the son of Sir Henry Colet, mercer, and twice Lord Mayor of London, was born in or about the year 1466. His mother, the good Dame Christian, of whom Erasmus has drawn such a charming picture in his letters, was of the family of the Knevelts, and connected by marriage with the Duke of Buckingham. The future Dean was the eldest and only surviving child out of eleven sons and as many daughters. The venerable mother outlived them all. Little is known of Colet's early years. He studied at Oxford, probably at Magdalen College. After graduating in arts, he travelled abroad. We know that he visited Paris and Orleans, and it is almost certain that he saw Florence and Rome. On his return, unattracted by the prospects of a brilliant career, such as might naturally await the only son of a Lord Mayor who stood well at Court, he quietly took up his abode at Oxford. There he lectured gratuitously on St. Paul's Epistles, and began a movement of which it is not easy even yet to gauge accurately the force. From these labours he was called to the yet more responsible office of Dean of St. Paul's in 1505. There he died, in September 1519. The great work he did at St. Paul's, his preaching, his expositions of Scripture, his reforms, which made him "out with his chapter," are matters which can be only alluded to here. Erasmus has told us of them in his letter to Justus Jonas. The modern reader will find an interesting sketch in the "Oxford Reformers" of Mr. Seebohm.

Being left inheritor of considerable estates by the death of Sir Henry Colet in 1506, the Dean soon matured his plans for divesting himself of them in the way most likely to benefit his fellow-countrymen. In his travels on the Continent he had become aware of the far-reaching importance of the newly discovered, or rather re-discovered, Greek tongue. A little of it he had mastered himself. The example of his friends More and Erasmus showed him what treasures it could unlock. And so he determined that some at least of the rising generation should have opportunities that he himself had not enjoyed.

At the east end of St. Paul's Churchyard were some "low houses of bookbinders." These he bought and pulled down, and so acquired a site of no small value. It was at the very centre of London life. In front was the great Cathedral, behind was the "Old Change," the Bourse of the London merchants. Houses of the nobility were scattered about; gardens of great abbey still made a *rus in urbe*. Near enough for a run when out of school, the Thames, still silvery, would invite to truancy along its banks.

There it was the will of Colet that 153 scholars should be educated free of charge, of all nations and countries without distinction. The number may have had reference to the miraculous draught of fishes in the last chapter of St. John. It is natural to think so. But it is remarkable that the founder himself gives no hint of this, nor Erasmus, nor Lily, nor any early chronicler. The first to notice the coincidence is Fuller. Such a number

of scholars was in those days an exceptionally large one. And the building to receive them was proportionately large and handsome. Erasmus calls it magnificent. No drawing of it unfortunately remains, and the description of the Dutch scholar gives us almost the only knowledge of it we possess. It was in three divisions or compartments: the proscholium,



MR. F. W. WALKER, M.A., PRESENT HIGH MASTER OF ST. PAUL'S.
FROM A BUST IN THE LIBRARY.

or vestibule, where the chaplain taught the little ones; the middle division, under the Surmaster; and the upper forms, under the High Master. A chapel on the south side balanced the High Master's residence on the north. The whole building cost, Anthony à Wood tells us, 4500 marks, that is £3000, or, in modern reckoning, at least £36,000. The lands he endowed it with produced a rental of £122 4s. 7½d., or, in modern value, about £1465. Such was Colet's practical illustration of the Christian communism which he preached.

Over this school, dedicated to the Child Jesus and His Blessed Mother Mary, but commonly called St. Paul's from its situation, he appointed, as governors, "the most honest and faithful fellowship of the Mercery of London." Members of that guild had rendered splendid services to learning. One of them was William Caxton, the first English printer, who died about the time Colet started on his travels. Richard Whittington and John Carpenter were Mercers. Sir Thomas More (as Mr. John Watney has lately shown) was a member of the same fraternity.

The first High Master was William Lily, whose name has become synonymous with that of grammarian. He had learnt Greek at Rhodes, and had been a great traveller, besides being one of the first scholars of his days. His epitaph on his wife, Agnes, who died before him, shows him to have been the father of fifteen children. An old engraving of him remains, a copy of which, given to the school by Dr. Bloxam, has served for our illustration.

Under Lily and his successors, down to the destruction of the school in the Great Fire of 1666, there was no lack of distinguished scholars. Paget, North, and Denny, with Leland, the antiquary, were in the first flight. Then came William Camden, Whittaker, Pepys, the diarist, Strype, the church historian, the first Duke of Marlborough, Halley, the astronomer, and, greatest of all, John Milton. It is hard thus to curtail the list, but the limits of space are inexorable.

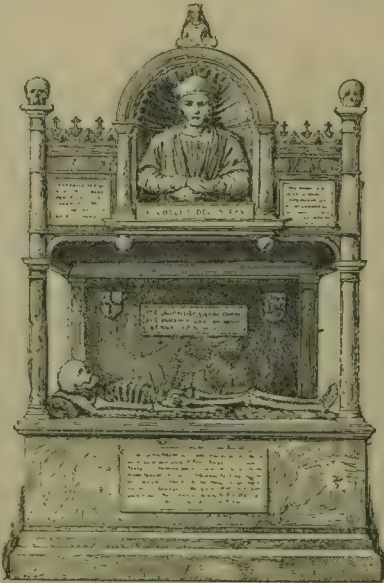
The second building, which rose from the ruins of the first in 1670, was similar to its predecessor, but larger, having a master's dwelling-house at each end. If the



WILLIAM LILY, FIRST HIGH MASTER.

ourselves. In Germany it has been seen and recognised. In a paper read by the late Dr. Hartfelder, of Heidelberg, before a conference of professors at Munich, on May 22, 1891, the subject taken was "The ideal of a Humanist School." The school thus held up as an ideal was no other than St. Paul's; and the points on which the learned German professor laid stress as showing how much Colet was in advance of his age were chiefly these: that, while providing for the fullest teaching of Christian faith and morals, he was careful to secure also the best secular learning then attainable; that for the governors of the school he chose a guild of laymen; that for the office of High Master and Surmaster he gave preference to a layman over a clergyman, and to a married man over a single; that for admission to the school he required an entrance examination; and, finally, that in case any of his ordinances should grow obsolete or injurious by lapse of time, he gave his trustees full power—nay, solemnly charged them, to make such changes as might seem necessary.

The reader will not grudge our devoting a few lines to the personal history of so remarkable a man before we pass on to describe the institution which he founded.



MONUMENT OF COLET, IN OLD ST. PAUL'S.
FROM DUGDALE.

THE GREAT SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND, No. VII.—ST. PAUL'S.

VIEW OF THE OLD SCHOOL (SECOND ERECTION) FROM THE NORTH-WEST.



VIEW OF THE OLD SCHOOL (THIRD ERECTION) FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.



ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL, WEST KENSINGTON: SOUTH-WEST VIEW, SHOWING THE PLAYING-FIELDS AT THE BACK.



ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL: CHEMICAL LABORATORY—STUDENTS AT WORK.

glory of this second house was not equal to that of the former, it can still boast some great names: Roger Cotes, the mathematician and friend of Newton, Charles Montagu, the first Duke of Manchester, Admiral Troubridge, Sir Philip Francis, the reputed author of Junius's letters; a goodly string of bishops, including the late Dr. Ollivant of Llandaff and Prince Lee of Manchester; Chief Baron Sir Frederick Pollock, Lord Chancellor Truro, Sir Charles Wetherell, Sir Edward Northey, Attorney-General, Spencer Compton, Speaker of the House of Commons, the gallant but unfortunate Major André, and—where shall we stop?—the author of "Ingoldsby Legends," who has left us more than one reminiscence of his schooldays, as when he speaks of Lucretius—

An author that gave me no trifling vexation,
When a youngster at school on Dean Colet's foundation.

In Barham's time the High Master was Dr. Roberts, who wielded the rod for forty-five years, from 1769 to 1814. Some amusing stories of him, and of the state of the school in his time, will be found in a paper headed



SPECIMEN OF ENCAUSTIC TILE LINING CORRIDOR.

"Sorrows of Old Schoolboys," in the *Leisure Hour* for 1860. A marble bust of Dr. Roberts by Hickey, next one of his predecessor, Thicknesse, by Nollekens, suggests some of the antique virtues of a Roman Consul.

By 1818, or a little after, the second school building had grown ruinous, and had to be taken down. A new one, designed by George Smith, was erected in 1824. The accompanying illustration is from a drawing by Mr. R. Harris, the present Art master of the school. In this, the third on the old site, the general plan was the same as before, but two masters' houses were now erected at each end. This structure, which seemed qualified to last for ages, had but a short tenure of existence. Two High Masters only occupied the chair in it, Dr. Sleath and Dr. Kynaston, till the Christmas of 1876, when a farewell gathering was held within its walls, to speed the parting and welcome the arriving guest. The cause was the coming into force of a new scheme, to be presently described, which changed the whole current of the school's history. That Christmas saw the retirement of Dr. Kynaston, and the appointment of

Balliol, died only the other day. The building in which they had sat as boys was demolished in 1885 to make room for City warehouses, and only a small tablet on the front of the pile, placed there at the suggestion of the Rev. R. B. Gardiner, the Third Master, whose pious care has compiled the registers of the school, now marks the spot. In the adjoining Cathedral there is



DR. ROBERTS, HIGH MASTER, 1769—1814.

not even so much as this to mark the last resting-place of the founder. The monument, erected to him by the Mercers' Company, at the south-west angle of the choir, perished in the Great Fire, and the Cathedral body have done nothing since then to perpetuate the memory of one whom Milman called the greatest of its deans.

But while the old was thus passing away, the new was growing up to take its place. Allusion has been made to a change of scheme. This great change took place in

1876, as the result of an adverse decision given by Vice-Chancellor James in February 1870. Litigation had arisen between the Mercers' Company and Baron Rothschild respecting some land in Buckinghamshire, and by this decision the Company were declared to be only trustees of the Coletine estates.

St. Paul's School, which had just escaped (to its own loss, as has been since thought) the powers of Lord

*Joannes Colett fundator Nove scolt
mann mea propria*

SIGNATURE OF THE FOUNDER, IN THE STATUTE-BOOK PRESERVED AT MERCERS' HALL.

Clarendon's Commission, now came under those of the Endowed Schools Inquiry Commission; and one of the last acts of that body was to formulate a scheme for the future working of the school. Its main features were that there should be a classical school of 500 boys, a modern school of 500, and a girls' school of 400. Through the efforts of old scholars and others interested in the welfare of St. Paul's, this scheme was modified so as to retain the

So coletus sup opa Diomsy

AUTOGRAPH OF THE FOUNDER, IN THE SCHOOL LIBRARY.

unity of the boys' school. A site was accordingly purchased at Hammersmith, and to these *Elysii campi* in the west, till then known as Dedman's Fields, the school was presently transferred. While the preparations were going on, the present High Master, previously High Master of Manchester School, who had entered on his office in January 1877, began his great work of teaching and organising in the old building in the Churchyard. But the numbers there never rose above 220. The disadvantages of the situation had become insuperable. Cawthorn's simile to express overpowering noise—

Harsh as ten chariots rolling round St. Paul's,
might well have given place to—

Vans by the hundred thundering round St. Paul's,
and even then been inadequate.

Some of the writer's own pupils will remember what the upper class-room was during the prevalence of a merry March wind, or when the weathercock pointed to the sultry south. Truly, the Pauline of those days *multa*

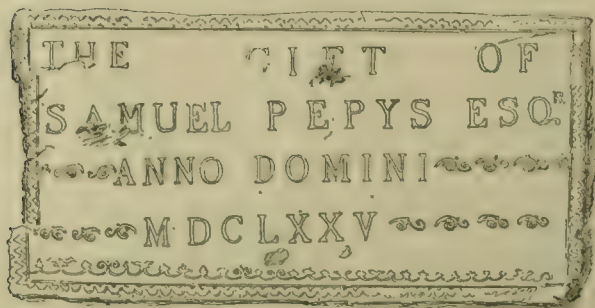
September 12 1711.

*Governour Yale gave This & the other Three Volumes
to be kept in the Master's House for the Use of his
Boarders; and Desired that some Part of this Work
should be Read by Them Twice at least every Week.*

INSCRIPTION IN BOOKS PRESENTED BY GOVERNOR YALE.

tulit fecitque puer, sudavit et alsit. And so all were glad when, on July 23, 1884, the present noble pile of buildings was opened by Lord Selborne, then Lord Chancellor, and a member of the Mercers' Company. Space will not suffice to give more than the merest sketch of the new St. Paul's. The architect was Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, A.R.A.; the contractors, Messrs. Parnell, of Rugby. The building is of red brick, with terra-cotta facings. In the centre, on the ground floor, is the board-room, and at the extreme east end, running southwards, is the Great Hall—already found to be not great enough. Its length is 80 ft., with an apsidal end; its height about 50 ft. Its tall lancet windows have been already nearly filled with stained glass, showing the armorial bearings of old scholars of distinction, the gift of the High Master, Mr. Harris,

LIBRARY ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL



INSCRIPTION ON COVER OF BOOK PRESENTED BY PEPYS, THE DIARIST.

the present High Master, Mr. F. W. Walker. So many of the pupils of Dr. Kynaston, and even of Dr. Sleath, are still living that to particularise would be invidious; but the names of Sir Charles Pollock, Lord Hannen, Mr. Bodkin Poland, Sir Joseph West Ridgeway, Sir Frederick Halliday, and others, may indicate how prolific St. Paul's has been in the fields of judicial and civil administration. One distinguished school-fellow of theirs, the late Master of



ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL: HIGH MASTER'S LODGE, FROM THE NORTH-WEST.

Mr. Barnard, of Reading School (an old Pauline), the Old Paulines' Club, the House Masters, present Paulines, and the like. Round the walls is a unique collection of engravings of old scholars, the liberal gift of Dr. J. L. Collison Morley. Upstairs a spacious dining-hall, 125 ft. long, and, with the flanking corridor, 41 ft. wide, affords ample room for between 150 and 200 boys to dine every day. Its great west window would look well if filled with stained glass in memory of Marlborough. The Library, on the first floor, is a well-proportioned apartment, 50 ft. by 36 ft., and contains at the present moment something more than 6000 volumes. Its windows are filled with stained glass, representing scenes in the life of the founder, the gift of F. Seebohm, Esq., Dr. Carver, late of Dulwich, an old pupil and recent Surmaster; the Rev. J. H. Lupton; Mr. S. Bewsher, the Bursar of the school, and Mr. John Watney, Clerk of the Governors. The work is by Mr. A. L. Moore, of Southampton Row, under the general superintendence of Mr. Harris. Among the books preserved in the Library may be seen a manuscript volume containing Dean Colet's abstract of the Hierarchies of Dionysius, and bearing his autograph signature; Robert Burns's pocket copy of Milton; early editions, from the first downwards, of "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained"; volumes presented by Pepys, still stamped with his name as donor on their old covers; and others presented by Governor Yale, from whom Yale College, Connecticut, takes its title. There stand also the busts of High Masters; one of Sleath, besides the two already mentioned of Thicknesse and Roberts; one of Kynaston, by George Halse; and one of the present High Master, by Mr. H. R. Pinker.

The corridors throughout the building are fast becoming enriched with marble tablets let into the walls, bearing the names of former captains and exhibitioners; or with panels of encaustic tilework, of which the one sketched, showing the name of Milton, will give a notion. *Latericium inveni, marmoream reliqui*, will scarcely be an exaggerated boast for Mr. Walker to utter when the time shall come for him to lay down his rule; for it is no secret from what source much of the outlay, as well as the original design, has come. Nor must the gift of many plaster casts, by Mrs. Seligman and other parents of pupils, be forgotten.

A word about the Art Schools and Laboratory, and we have done. The reputation of St. Paul's for classical and mathematical scholarship stands so deservedly high, that it is in danger of being forgotten how efficient and well equipped are its modern departments. Yet, at the Public Schools competition in 1893 it gained the diploma for the best set of drawing sent in. The Art School, under Mr. Harris, can accommodate ninety boys at a time, and is amply furnished with models, and every provision for drawing, wood-carving, and casting. For science teaching there are two noble laboratories, the chemical measuring 75 ft. by 30 ft.; two lecture halls, capable of being thrown into one, then measuring 88 ft. by 64 ft.; and workshops, for carpentering and the like, having an area in all of 42 ft. by 40 ft. In his biological teaching, Mr. Watkin and his assistants employ the optical lantern, with attachments for limelight and oil, thus dispensing with the old use of the blackboard. Hidden gas-jets ensure a continuous current of air for ventilation. In the Physical Laboratory solid stone benches are attached to the walls, so that the most delicate apparatus can be used without derangement from vibration. A qualified medical practitioner, Dr. E. H. R. Watts, not only takes part in the tuition, but is always ready with practical advice in case there should be any risk with the experiments.

What the good Dean would say of all this, could he come to life again, we can only conjecture. But as he watched the Paulines of to-day, now numbering more than 620, in their ample playing-fields, with the contingent of 400 or upwards in the Preparatory School opposite, under Mr. James Bewsher; as he viewed the grounds of sixteen acres, which cost £41,000, and the great building which has cost thrice as much; as he looked at the scholarship lists, and found that St. Paul's held its own in the old learning while acquiring so much in the new, we can hardly doubt that his thoughts would find expression in words like those Dr. Jowett was heard to mutter at the opening in 1884: "Better, better, much better!"

J. H. J.

SALMON FLIES.

BY ANDREW LANG.

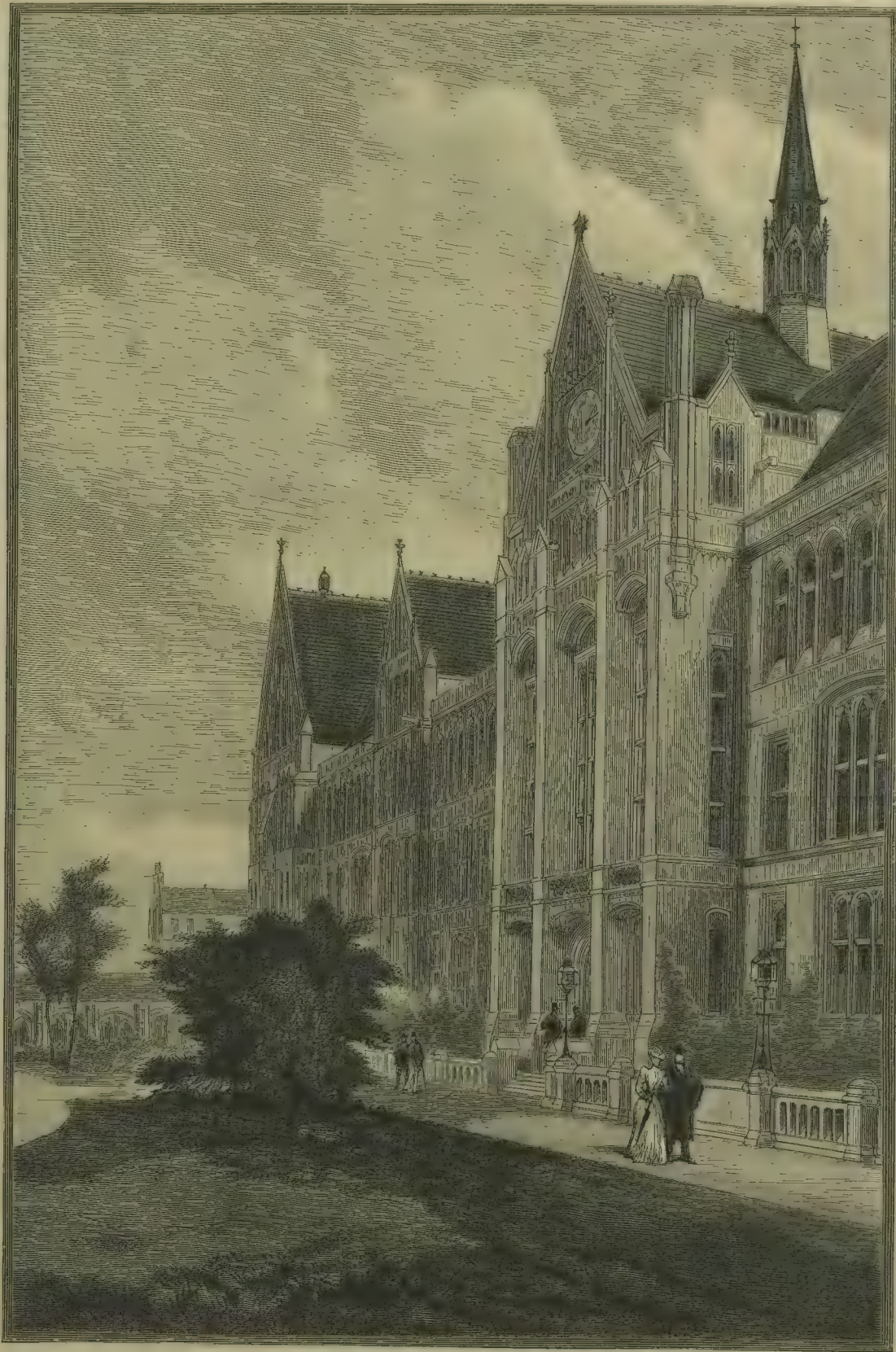
In *Blackwood's Magazine*, Sir Herbert Maxwell writes about salmon flies in a way which deserves the attention of every thoughtful citizen. The shops and our fly-books are full of salmon flies of every hue, except some greens, which are unpopular. There are yellows, blues, reds, browns, purples, mauves, magentas, black, orange, with gold and silver tinsels in all combinations. When we reach the waterside, we know how we, or the gillie, look through the collection with thoughtful care and much comparing of shades and colours. Now, is all this trouble and expense of any service towards the catching of salmon? Is it really the case that on this river they have a preference for Pophams, on that for Thunder and Lightning, or the Durham Ranger, or the Jock Scott, or the Archdeacon? I believe, with Sir Herbert Maxwell, that all our

than I have seen a phantasm of the dead. But, though Mr. James Payn may think me credulous, I can believe, on good evidence, that salmon do take natural flies. Mr. Veitch, the fisherman on the Pavilion Water, informs me that he has seen a salmon rise at a bee, and I think he added that he put on a live bee and caught the fish. A Highland keeper tells me that he has seen, on a loch, a salmon rise to and take a butterfly. Therefore they do feed in fresh water. Probably they take an artificial fly as food. It vibrates and glitters, and has an air of life. If you watch trout, you will often see them lying deep in water, never looking up at any floating object. Again, you will see them lying within an inch of the surface, carefully swimming to and scrutinising every little floating object, and taking all flies that pass. To my mind, salmon probably behave like trout. Now they are sluggish; now, from a greater

depth, they are on the watch for whatever food may be passing. They can see a long way. A renowned novelist once fished from cover a deep clear pool; he saw the fish circling about, he saw them come up, look at the fly, and swim off again. Suddenly there was a rush, a fish came up from the run below the pool, and instantly hooked himself. That fish was obviously on the outlook for food and spied it from a considerable distance. When a fish is not hungry he may pluck at or rise at your fly half-a-dozen times, but then he is only playing and seldom makes a mistake. For these reasons, because salmon feed in fresh water, and because, when merely curious, they are seldom hooked, I conclude that they usually regard our artificial flies as something edible.

But can salmon detect colours? The physiological apparatus to that end has not, says Sir Herbert, been recognised in the eyes of fishes. Yet trout, if you are using three flies on a Scotch loch or river, will often give one the preference, where all are the same in size. If colour does not guide them, what does? A friend tells me (why should I not quote Mr. C. J. Longman?) that he once saw two trout rising at olive duns. He tried an olive dun, dry, over them, to no purpose. Then he examined the fly on the water, and found that he had one artificial olive dun of exactly the right shade. He put this on, and caught his two trout. It may, of course, be urged that he merely presented this fly more skilfully than he had done before. But it does seem probable enough that the fish were able to recognise the exact shade of colour. This is the usual belief of anglers for trout. In my own slight experience of dry fly-fishing, the trout are not so particular. Whatever fly is on the water they will take one of similar size, if properly presented to them. But this does not prove that they are blind to colour. They will take an alder when the May fly is on. Sir Herbert suggests that one might have May flies dyed scarlet, blue, or pink, and see whether trout will rise to

them in the May-fly week. But he fears that few will waste the precious hours in a mere scientific experiment. If I have the chance, I shall try, but, to be frank, if trout won't have my blue or scarlet May fly, it does not follow that they will refuse Sir Herbert's or Sir Edward Gray's. The experimental angler should be a good angler. But, even if they do take a scarlet May fly, that will not demonstrate their colour-blindness. They may like a change. But if they steadily refuse such lures, from a sure hand, then they certainly do distinguish colours. We, if we hold a salmon-fly four or five feet above us, fail to detect shades of colour, as between a Jock Scott and a Childers. Is it likely that salmon are more acute, and infinitely particular to a shade? Probably they are not. Probably a man who always used Jock Scotts of various sizes would do as well as a man who was always changing. But, as we cannot be absolutely certain, we may as well use the flies that are favourites on the river. And why, if Sir Herbert Maxwell believes in his own theory, has he invented and devised a new fly with a gold body? Wherefore, too, when he has raised but missed a fish, does he change his fly? Changing flies is troublesome: I always let him have a look at the old one first, and do not try a change unless he rejects it.



ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL: FRONT VIEW FROM THE NORTH-WEST.

aesthetic curiosity in flies is vain. The size, not the colour, is the important thing. The fly must not be so small as to be easily overlooked by a fish on the watch, nor so big as to frighten him. The lower and more clear the stream, the smaller should the fly be, as a rule, and the heavier the water, the bigger the fly. Probably, too, a distinction may be taken by the fish between light and dark flies, between glittering tinsel and an absence of tinsel. As to shades of yellow, orange, blue, and red, I doubt if the fish pays them any attention, even if his eyes can distinguish colour, about which more is to be said later.

First, does the salmon seize the fly for food? I think that he does, as a rule. Sir Herbert holds that curiosity is as likely a motive. He urges that food is rarely found in a salmon's stomach in fresh water. But he (the fish) undeniably does feed in fresh water. He takes worms and salmon roe. On the Dee, salmon sometimes rise to March Browns, and take the artificial March Brown, tied rather large, on these occasions. I have never seen a salmon take a natural fly, any more



A DRAWING-ROOM IN THE CHIPPENDALE STYLE.

ART IN THE HOME.

Said a great Latin poet, "Art is long though life is short," and, translating the same thought into English, Keats declared a thing of beauty to be a joy for ever, this last being surely more especially true of those familiar household things with which we are condemned to pass the greater part of our lives.

Time was, and that not so long ago, when Art in the Home was too often represented by a fine painting or exquisite engraving hung in close proximity to a wall-paper so hideous, and to carpets and furniture so inartistic in colour and design, that the thing of beauty became not a joy but a pain to all those gifted with an innate sense of the beautiful and becoming.

Few people realise how much the very term "art in the home" is due to those great English furnishing firms, without whose initiative and tireless energy the most zealous of our modern artists and decorators would have been powerless to carry out their schemes. The very existence of an establishment like that of Messrs. Hampton and Sons, of Pall Mall East, should render it impossible for a really ugly wall-paper or vulgar, inartistic furniture design to survive into our modern days, and this is not saying that only fresh fashions and new modes are being sought for and produced. Messrs. Hampton and Sons make, on the contrary, a specialty of old English designs, and, taking the best where they find it, their own artists often bring into a modern scheme of decoration an old-world touch of homely usefulness imagined by the practical good sense of some seventeenth or eighteenth century worthy.

Few among us are aware of how excellently pieces of cretonne, aye, and even of wall-papers, can be utilised in

home decoration. This is the more specially true when the design and colouring are such as to look equally well when covering furniture or stretched panel-wise upon the walls. Messrs. Hampton and Sons have lately reproduced the dainty blue ribbon and rose garland pattern, and lengths of this cretonne, highly glazed in the fashion our grandmothers liked so well, would fill with light and bright though soft colouring either best bed-room or parlour of an unpretentious country cottage; whilst strips of the hollyhock or lilac glazed cretonne might, in conjunction with white panelling and bamboo furniture, produce an even better effect than the more commonly used tapestries and brocades in a breakfast-room or boudoir.

Those who would wish to be always in the fashion—and fashions in furnishing change almost as frequently as do the shapes of our gowns and bonnets—must now set their mind toward the erst-while despised French Renaissance and Louis Quinze periods. Messrs. Hampton and Sons have commissioned buyers all over the Continent to secure for them pieces of the priceless ormolu gilt ornaments, delicate carvings, inlaid wood furniture, Vernis-Martin panels, spindle-legged cabinets, card-tables and screens, which may once have formed a background to some of Watteau's dainty shepherdesses or Boucher's powdered ladies. In their premises in Pall Mall East, the same firm have fitted up a Louis Quinze drawing-room, in which every detail has been thought out by experts, and which looks as if it had been transported bodily out of some enchanted French chateau, forgotten and overlooked by the great Revolution.

Especially delightful is an ancient writing-table made of inlaid rose-wood studded with ormolu ornaments, in which are cunningly arranged two tulip-shaped candleholders; for sitting at just such another desk must Madame de Sévigné have indited her famous epistles to her daughter.



THE BILLIARD-ROOM.



A DINING-HALL IN THE ELIZABETHAN STYLE.

But those who long for the possession of this treasure or a similar set of treasures should leave the decoration and equipment of their homes to an expert, for he alone can so arrange and dispose both the delicate faded colouring and strangely shaped *meubles* as to bring out the full value and harmony of each and every detail; for if, when well and adequately carried out, the French style of decoration is exquisitely beautiful, the smallest mistake is fatal. This is why it is essential that a room to be treated in this fashion should be arranged by those whose taste and experience fully qualify them to undertake the task.

More easy of attainment, and to English feeling perhaps more cosy and home-like in effect, are the Queen Anne and old Dutch styles. We have all seen charming rooms which, when looked at critically, would be discovered to owe most of their charm to the clever way in which the white panelling, Chippendale cabinets, convenient hob stoves, comfortable Mother Hubbard chairs, bright-coloured tiles, and shining brass fenders have been made to harmonise and blend together. Such a room will gain greatly by the introduction of some pieces of blue and white china, especially if they can be made to fulfil some useful purpose, and not be too obviously present for the mere purpose of ornamentation.

Messrs. Hampton and Sons have made a study of how to make a small room look larger, a low room higher, and a long room broader; and a visit to their show-rooms is an education in the art of furnishing a modern house; though to young folks undoubtedly the most attractive item will be the electric piano, which, supplied with its own accumulators, can not only be turned to ordinary use, but will, with the trifling addition of a long strip of perforated cardboard, produce dance-music by the hour, while the keys move up and down as if played by invisible fingers!

NEW ASSOCIATES OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

III.—MR. GEORGE GLANFIELD FRAMPTON.

Mr. Frampton's election is supposed to redress the balance between the sculptors and the painters in the general



MR. GEORGE GLANFIELD FRAMPTON.

assembly of the Royal Academy, and to complete the work begun last year by the promotion of Mr. Gilbert to full membership, and Mr. Harry Bates to the Associateship. Mr. Frampton is still young—very young for the distinction he has earned, for he has not yet reached his thirty-fifth year.

Born in the neighbourhood of London, he began his studies in sculpture under Mr. W. S. Frith, and of drawing under Mr. Fred. Brown, at the Lambeth Art Schools. Here he remained until he was able, in 1882, to pass into the Royal Academy schools, where his course of study lasted five years, and at the close he carried off the gold medal and travelling



"CHRISTABEL."—BY G. G. FRAMPTON.

Reproduced by permission of Mr. W. S. Hodgkinson.

scholarship of the year. With this he went to Paris to study drawing, and, presumably, also painting, under M. Dagnan Bouveret; and sculpture in the atelier of M. Mercié, who had earned distinction in both branches of art. In 1887 his name appeared for the first time as the exhibitor of two busts, one of which was in bronze, and an ideal figure of "The Songster." In the following year he ventured upon a higher style, with a group entitled "An Act of Mercy." This was followed by a return to work in bronze; but at the Salon he sent a work, "The Angel of Death," which for its feeling and execution gained an honourable mention for its author, and when exhibited at Burlington House in the following year it at once indicated Mr. Frampton as one of the rising sculptors of the day. About this time he began to work in high relief, and produced one or two studies of religious subjects, which attracted patrons in those who find pleasure in decorating churches. It was in 1891 that his delicate fancy-figure, "A Caprice," was exhibited, and raised the artist to a still higher level; an opinion which was endorsed by the jury at Chicago last year, where "A Caprice" was greatly admired. In 1892 "The Children of the Wolf," a fresh and spirited rendering of the fable of Romulus and Remus, was his sole contribution to the Sculpture Room at Burlington House; but last year he was represented by an imaginative work of great power entitled "Mysteriarch," the symbolical rendering of the high priestess of the hidden mysteries of Elousis or some equally jealous goddess. Mr. Frampton has also done various decorative works, of which the terra-cotta ornaments at the Constitutional Club in Northumberland Avenue and the medallion portrait of James R. Lowell in the Westminster Chapter House are the best known. Mr. Frampton in all his work has shown himself free from the restraints which have cramped so many young artists in marble, and it may be that, under the leadership of Messrs. Gilbert, Thornycroft, Onslow Ford, Bates, and Frampton, a better future is in store for English sculpture.

Our Illustrations are from photographs by Messrs. H. Dixon and Son, Albany Street.

ART NOTES.

Last week we limited our remarks on the Grafton Gallery to the pictures of the late Mr. Albert Moore; but they are far from occupying the whole space. In the other rooms there is an interesting display of contemporary British and foreign art, Scotland showing the greatest strength in the former and Belgium in the latter. The Glasgow school recognises its indebtedness to French influences, but in coming home to its native soil it has in many ways changed its aims. Mr. James Guthrie's "Summer Day" (52), Mr. J. Millie Dow's "Autumn Moonrise" (57), and Mr. John Lavery's "Croquet" (292), although widely differing in treatment, are eminently characteristic of this important school, which counts also not a few figure-painters of distinction, such as Mr. Alexander Roche, Mr. Arthur Melville, Mr. James Guthrie, and, above all, Mr. J. H. Lorimer. Their work is always serious and often dramatic in its force and directness, and they bring to bear upon English artists a powerful incentive to abandon the "Rosa Matilda" strain in which so many veterans of art still paint. Among the Belgian painters a fatal facility in reaching technical success has been detrimental to the production of works of high imaginative power. For instance, M. C. Hermans' "Last Quarter of the Honeymoon" (37), M. Meunier's "Hospital of St. Pierre" (107), and even the two studies by J. Leempoels of men (83) and women (118) as types of the follies of the day, fail to convey one tithe of the labour which their painting must have involved. In each case a dramatic effect is aimed at, and is lost under the weight of work by which the spectator's eye is at once arrested.

Possibly some will say that no such charge can be brought against M. Ferd. Knopff, who has generally seemed to range himself among the mystics; but his "Keeper Waiting" (116) is intelligible if not attractive, although there is a curious effect of hushed silence thrown into the picture. M. Emile Claus, who follows closely in the wake of M. Manet, and is the chief Belgian exponent of the latter's sunlight effects, is seen to good advantage in his "Eelpots" (45) and "Sunlight" (71).

German contemporary art, so far as is exhibited here, is modern rather in the treatment of subjects than in its methods of painting. Professor F. Von Uhde's "Sermon on the Mount" (5) represents one limit of this modern method, as Herr Höcker's "Stigmata" (43) the other; and it is possible that those who are attracted by the one will be repelled by the other. Both of these belong to Munich, as in fact do the majority of the German artists whose work is here brought together. Holland is represented by J. Maris, Mesdag, and Blommer; the United States by Mr. J. McN. Whistler, Mr. J. W. Alexander, and Mr. George Hitchcock; the aristocracy by the Marchioness of Granby and Lady Jephson; and the Royal Academy by Mr. J. M. Swan, A.R.A. No reference has been made to the French pictures, of which there is a most interesting gathering. Many of them have, however, appeared in other exhibitions, although not on this side of the Channel. It is sufficient to say that among them will be found specimens of Roll, Duez, Blanche, and Aublet, which are well worthy of their respective reputations. Mr. T. Nelson Maclean may also be congratulated upon at length having found a gallery at which his "Spring Festival" can be seen to advantage. Its grace and movement raise it far above the level of



"MYSTERIARCH."—BY G. G. FRAMPTON.

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ordinary work in marble, and show how kindred the two arts of painting and sculpture can be made in competent hands, for the marble group of the two dancing women is admittedly inspired by Mr. Alma-Tadema's picture. Two clever Belgian workers in bronze, M. Constantin Meunier, of Louvain, and M. Paul du Bois, of Brussels, show a number of smaller works, which have a great deal of vivacity, if that should be regarded as a necessary adjunct to this branch of art. Altogether, the display at the Grafton Gallery is creditable to the management, and distinctly a pleasant place in which to pursue the study of modern painting.

Among the smaller picture-shows which call for notice the bright side of a Norwegian summer, as seen by Mr. Tristram Ellis, and now on view at the Japanese Gallery (Old Bond Street), is perhaps the most attractive. At any rate, it is suggestive of many delightful spots which are still only known to a comparatively few travellers. The west coast of Norway, from Stavanger to the Lofoden Isles, abounds with scenery of a character which cannot be found elsewhere, and where the glaciers descend direct into the fjords we get an idea of what other parts of our continent may have been at a remote period. Mr. Tristram Ellis is a skilful draughtsman, but he conveys an idea of a brighter and a whiter Norway atmosphere than the majority of tourists will endure. Last summer was doubtless exceptional in its sunshine, and may have in this way enveloped Norwegian scenery in an abnormal atmosphere.



"THE VISION."—BY G. G. FRAMPTON.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

This is a very funny world. The remark, of course, applies (as usual) not to the planet itself, but to its human denizens. A week or two ago I wrote in this column in the interests of those poor unfortunate strangers the monkeys, which are hauled about the country by itinerant vagabonds professing to make music on or with accordions. I pointed out that it was nothing short of absolute cruelty on the part of these men to expose animals, tropical in habits, to the damp and wet of English streets, with the result of causing them to die very speedily of lung troubles, the consequence of the chills to which they are subjected. A letter has reached me (from Brighton) signed "A man who has suffered at the hands of scientific devils." This effusion, written in a feminine hand, abuses me roundly and soundly because I have championed the poor imported ape; and the cause of the abuse is that while I protest against the treatment of the ape by the dirty accordion-players, I am yet a supporter of that view of things which sees in experimentation on animals the only means of acquiring a knowledge of the cure of certain of man's mortal ailments. What purpose the writer of this polite missive can suppose his letter will serve, I know not. He (?) begins by apostrophising me as "You confounded cad!" This alone is a cheerfully frank salutation, but it is one more likely to recoil on the head of the poor unsophisticated soul who writes me. On the principle that one should acknowledge correspondence, I beg to inform my Brighton critic that I have received his (or her) letter. My only comment thereupon is once again to remark that this is a very funny world, and that Brighton enjoys the distinction of harbouring one of the most curious of its individualities.

Two books of more than usual interest have reached me for notice in this column. One is entitled "Some County Sights and Sounds," published by T. Fisher Unwin. When I note that the author is Mr. Phil Robinson, I have said enough to indicate that its contents may be supposed to be neither dull nor lacking in variety. Printed on thick paper, in readable type, there is a decided look of the *édition de luxe* about Mr. Robinson's volume, and I commend it to the notice of my readers as a book which, in addition to its amusing and captivating style, will interest them materially in many of the ways and works of animal life. Perhaps the best chapter in the book is that "On Certain Disturbances"; but the section dealing with various fowls is as amusing; and, indeed, it is perhaps invidious to particularise any one chapter over another, where all are bright, cheery, and entertaining. Mr. Phil Robinson is both an acute observer and a conscientious chronicler of the ways of animals. I should like to dub him a zoological Mark Twain; only, with the fear of the law of libel before my eyes I had better make it clear that this remark is intended as a high compliment to his literary style.

The second book under notice is of a more serious cast. It forms one of that admirable (but unequal) series of volumes published under the title of the "International Scientific Series" (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.). Its title is "The Dispersal of Shells"; its author is Mr. H. Wallis Kew, F.Z.S.; and Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace writes a preface to the work. My readers who are in any way interested in the manner in which shells (and their tenants) contrive to disperse themselves, or to get conveyed from one quarter of the world to another, will thank me for directing attention to this book. It is full of the curiosities of animal distribution, and in its way forms an interesting chapter in the romance of natural history. Darwin long ago discussed, as part and parcel of his theory of the origin of species, the manner in which animals and plants pass beyond the limits of their distribution to foreign parts. Mr. Kew has collated with much labour and industry the most notable and best authenticated instances of facts relating to the various agencies and means whereby shells are conveyed from their native centres to distant regions.

It is curious, for instance, to note how shells, and especially bivalves, will adhere to animals and be conveyed far from their original habitats. Mr. Kew gives an illustration of a crayfish with a shell adhering to each of its toes, so that the crustacean looked as if it were furnished with clogs. Equally interesting is the account given of the tenacity of life possessed by many land shells. What are we to think of the *Helix desertorum*, a desert snail, which remained four years fixed on a tablet in the British Museum, and subsequently revived, and lived in captivity for some time? More astonishing examples of this trait of Rip Van Winkleism on the part of snails could be cited; but it is evident that, given conditions of this kind, they must possess a very distinct bearing on the question of the successful dispersal of such species under circumstances sufficient to extinguish the life of most other animals. The important point about Mr. Kew's book is that it is eminently readable, and that it is just the kind of volume to inspire its readers with the desire to observe facts for themselves, which, by the way, is the beginning of all true science studies.

It is an old weather-tradition that the phases of the moon are intimately connected with weather-changes. Even people by no means learned in weather-lore are given to express the belief that the connection between Madame Luna and meteorological phenomena is to be taken as a matter of course. It seems that Sir J. Herschel ventilated the opinion that clouds had a tendency to disappear at the full moon, and gave as the reason for his belief that the heat of the moon's surface dissipated the vapour. Hence the new-moon period was credited with being a wet time, in opposition to the relative dryness of the period of full moon. The Rev. S. J. Johnson, as a result of fifteen years' observation of full-moon periods, has been able to contradict Sir J. Herschel's ideas. The state of the sky at moonrise and midnight on the day of full moon has been duly observed by him for the period named. He finds that the full moon has no such effect on the clouds as Sir J. Herschel indicated, and that the weather-cycles are therefore unaffected by this phase of our satellite—an opinion, by the way, in which he is supported, I understand, by astronomers at large.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

D SCHAJIRO (Frankfort).—Your problems are scarcely good enough. The two-movers are neat in a way, but greatly wanting in power, while the other would have an interest for our readers.
 F O'D HOARE.—Your contribution shall be carefully examined.
 E B SCHWANN.—Problem received with thanks.
 H D HIND (Scarborough).—We shall have much pleasure in giving the position our early consideration.
 F G WESLEY (Hamstead).—The Bishop should have been made a Black one.
 B FISON.—Q to Q 3rd gives a second solution to your problem.
 J TUCKER (Purley).—The reply is 2. Q to B 3rd (ch) and 3. Kt mates.
 J O FERRALL (Kells, County Meath).—With pleasure.
 CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2597 received from J F Moon, A C Harley (Cardiff), Howich, and Rev G T Carpenter; of No. 2598 from E E H, T Shakespear (South Yardley), C M A B, J F Moon, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), W H S (Peterborough), Rev G T Carpenter, and E Emmerton.
 CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2599 received from M A Eyre (Folkestone), W R B (Plymouth), Shadforth, E E H, J Coad, Admiral Brandreth, R Worters (Canterbury), J F Moon, E C Weatherley, A H B, A Newman, R H Brooks, Charles Burnett, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), A J Haggood (Haslar), J S Wesley (Exeter), C M A B, W R Baillem, W Oxley (Southampton), Martin F, O Pearce, I Desanges, T Roberts, E Louden, Hereward, Sorrento, W David (Cardiff), Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), W Wright, H C Myers, Meursius (Brussels), J J J (Frampton), W T Brunger, C E Perugini, H S Brandreth, Albert Wolff, Stirlings (Ramsgate), H C Chancellor (Cophthorne), G R Hargreaves, A McClintock, J C Ireland, Ubique, G Joicey, F Cassell, W H S (Peterborough), Edward J Sharpe, W P Hind, T G (Ware), Fr Fernando (Glasgow), James McClure (Leeds), G T Hughes (Athy), and L Beilant (Bruges).

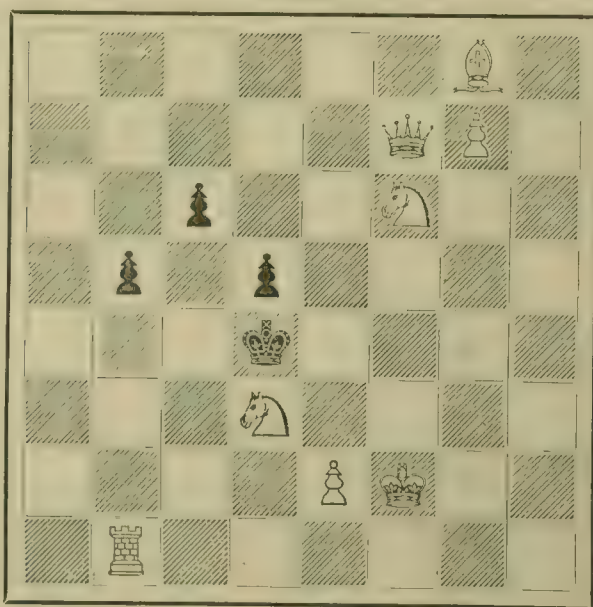
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2598.—By PERCY HEALEY.

WHITE.
 1. Kt to B 4th
 2. B to K 4th
 3. Mates
 BLACK.
 K takes Kt
 Any move
 If Black play 1. K to B 3rd; 2. Kt (from Kt 3rd) to R 5th (ch), and Mates next move.
 If 1. B or P to B 4th; 2. B to K 5th (ch); if 1. Any other, then 2. B to K 4th (ch), &c.

PROBLEM No. 2601.

By MAX J. MEYER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN NEW ZEALAND.

Game played between Messrs. J. WESTLAND and A. M. OLIVER in the Championship Tourney at Canterbury.

(Buy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. W.) BLACK (Mr. O.)
 1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
 2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd
 3. B to K 5th Kt to K B 3rd
 4. Castles Kt takes P
 5. P to Q 4th Kt to Q 3rd
 6. P takes P

A well-known but not frequently played variation of this popular opening, examples of which have previously appeared in this column.

6. P to Q R 4th Kt takes P
 7. P to Q R 4th Kt takes P
 8. Kt takes Kt Kt to Q 3rd
 9. Kt to Q B 3rd B to K 2nd
 10. Q to Kt 4th Castles
 11. Kt to Q 5th Kt to K sq
 12. Q to K 2nd P to Q B 3rd
 13. Kt takes Q B P

Neatly winning a Pawn.

14. Kt takes B (ch) Q P takes Kt
 15. Kt takes B R takes Kt
 16. P to Q Kt 3rd R to B 3rd
 17. B to R 3rd P to B 4th
 18. K R to K sq Q to Q Kt 3rd
 19. B to Kt 2nd P to B 4th

This advance is not only obviously imprudent, but appears purposeless to the bargain.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in the New York Tournament between Messrs. ALBIN and SCHMIDT.

(Gioco Piano.)

WHITE (Mr. A.) BLACK (Mr. S.)
 1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
 2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd
 3. B to B 4th B to B 4th
 4. P to Q B 3rd Kt to B 3rd
 5. Castles P takes P
 6. P to Q 4th B to Kt 3rd
 7. P takes P B to Kt 3rd
 8. Kt to B 3rd B to Kt 5th
 9. B to K 3rd Castles
 10. P to K R 3rd

A mistake apparently, although White won. Here B to K 2nd is safer. White's position becomes inferior after capturing with Pawn, or he loses the Q P.

11. P takes B B takes Kt
 12. B to K Kt 5th Kt to Kt 3rd
 13. Kt to Q 5th P to B 3rd
 14. B takes Kt

Kt takes Kt is better here, and generally followed by B to R 6th, both to keep command of the file, and to prevent Kt to B 5th, threatened by Black.

14. P takes B

WHITE (Mr. A.) BLACK (Mr. S.)
 15. Kt to K 3rd Kt to B 5th
 16. Kt to B 5th

The Knights on each side are well posted, but White's being protected by a strong Pawn gives him a slight superiority.

17. Q to Q 2nd P to Q 4th
 18. K to Kt 2nd Kt takes P (ch)
 19. K to Kt 2nd Kt to Kt 4th

White threatened Q to R 6th, to which no reply was forthcoming.

20. P takes P P takes P
 21. B to Q 3rd B takes P was sound, but the text move is superior.

22. R to R sq K to R sq
 23. K to B sq R to K Kt sq
 24. Q to B 4th Q to Q 2nd
 25. P to R 4th R to Kt 3rd
 26. P to B 4th B to R 4th
 Resigns

Because he must lose the Kt, with a hopeless position after.

A team of the Metropolitan Chess Club (Third Class) played the St. Martin's Club on Jan. 25, and proved victorious by 1½ games to 2½.

A match of twenty players a-side was played on Feb. 2 at the Amherst Club, West Hackney, between the North London and the Ludgate Circus Clubs. The competition was very even, and after three hours' play victory rested with the Ludgate Circus by 11 games to 9.

A handicap tournament, open to all comers, has been arranged to take place at Simpson's Divan, in which it is expected most of the leading players of the day will compete.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Probably the Hon. Nellie Bass will be one of the greatest heiresses in England. She will one day most likely be as rich as the only daughter of Jay Gould was left in America, for the two are in the same circumstances—the only child of nobody knows how many times a millionaire. Poor Miss Helen Gould, however, has never been able to believe in one of her innumerable suitors, and goes about single still, and guarded by detectives for fear of being kidnapped and held for ransom; while Miss Bass has had the happiness to believe that she will find a sufficient shelter in a husband's home. Bridal dress possesses one of the characteristic virtues of a uniform, inasmuch as it is alike for all classes and conditions of brides—that is, of course, supposing that they are "having a wedding," and not merely getting married. Miss Bass's wedding gown was of the traditional white satin, narrowly embroidered all round the bottom—train as well as front—with pearls and crystal, the design being wheat and grasses. A band and streamers of white satin ribbon finished the plainly made bodice at the waist, and there was a deep yoke collar of Brussels lace, of which filmy and costly fabric also the puffed sleeves were entirely made. She wore bracelets and necklets of diamonds of a superb brilliance. The bridesmaids' dresses were of cream satin, with a band of beaver round the bottom of the skirts, the fur also trimming the deep cape-like collars, above an edging of rose point lace, which was arranged above mauve satin so that the colour faintly gleamed through; the upright neckbands were also of lace, toning down a heliotrope foundation, and the bouquets were "showers" of shaded violets and lilies-of-the-valley. The bride's travelling dress was of reddish-violet cloth with a waist-belt of black ribbon, and jet and silver passementerie trimming on the wide collar. Of course the trousseau is quite magnificent. There is a fine selection of furs in it. Specially good is one cloak of rich black satin lined throughout with chinchilla, the fur which is foremost in new fashion. There is a collar of the fur above a deep fall of white guipure lace. Sealskin, with its perennial beauty and popularity, supplies another wrap, this time a long coat, fitting to the figure and having wide revers, collar and cuffs of dark sable. The lining of this is a handsome brocade of heliotrope and white, and there is a muff to match similarly lined.

Joan of Arc has been moved a step towards canonisation by the proper authorities. To become a saint is like becoming a Duke; it has to be effected with slow and majestic advances in successive generations. Hence it comes that poor dear Joan has only made such small progress in nearly five centuries, in the estimation of the Church that killed her, that we shall none of us probably live to see her a fully beatified saint. She has always had friends who have pushed her claim; so has Mary Queen of Scots—a much better Catholic than Joan, who was a pure patriot and a military genius, and not distinctively a Catholic at all. Mary truly died for her religion, for the plots that pushed her to the scaffold were all those of Catholics, who fully believed that her accession meant the triumph of their faith in England; but, on the other hand, she was not thoroughly a daughter of her Church, for she loathed religious persecution, and would not attempt it, inasmuch that the Catholic Powers gave themselves little concern for her fate, and there exists a letter from a Spanish ambassador, in which he distinctly says that the great Catholic Powers would not help her to the English throne because she would not engage afterwards to allow persecutions like those of Mary Tudor or those of Alva in the Low Countries. This is a leaf in her crown of honour to us of to-day, but it is against her still with her Church. As to poor Joan, when next a Frenchman tells Lord Dufferin that the English killed her, he should reply with the truth—it was the native priests who killed her; they were more jealous of her supernatural influence than the soldiers were of her success in the field.

It is Joan's beautiful character and her magnificent abilities conjoined that make her now, as they made her in life, so attractive to the imagination of all who are neither priests nor soldiers, and especially to her own sex. The extraordinary military successes that she achieved were of a character to bring one almost to believe in the miraculous direction of her energies. She took at Orleans a bridge and its defences that were believed by the military authorities on both sides to be impregnable. After the English were driven out thence, the soldier heads of the other party were very anxious to pursue them, but Joan sternly forbade it, and it seems to be now recognised that if she had not been obeyed all her success would have been reversed. In numerous other instances she differed from the men at councils of war, and she was always right. In fact, she had a true military genius, and had she been a peasant boy instead of a girl, so as to have avoided the jealousy and bias of sex, and have had only her low birth to contend with, we should have heard no more of her beliefs in her supernatural guides than we do now of the not dissimilar beliefs in his inspiration and the guidance of his "star" by that other remarkable born general from the lower classes, Napoleon. But Joan differs from most mighty men of war in having been good and sweet, as well as a marvellous great soldier in the field. She wept when she knew that the English soldiers called her by an opprobrious epithet. She wore a sword, but she prayed that it might never be stained with blood; and in battle she carried the banner, and did not attempt to kill. Yet when she was pressed as to how she aroused men to such feats of valour, she replied, "I called to them to come on, and then I went on myself." She also offered to spin against any woman in Rouen, to show that her ordinary girlish education for life had not been neglected. But black, bitter jealousy, more cruel than the grave, and strong as death, as Solomon says, was the natural payment for her strength and greatness, and the Church that now talks of her canonisation had its will in her destruction, because she had dared to receive spiritual counsel without the aid of its priests, the soldiers consenting because she had outdone them. I wonder if Tennyson was right when he wrote, "The fame that follows death is nothing to us"? Let us hope he was mistaken, for some lives seem sadly to need the recompense of knowing of posthumous fame.

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A MAGAZINE CAUSERIE.

Much study of Mrs. Crackanthorpe, Lady Jeune, and Mrs. Frederic Harrison in the *Nineteenth Century* and the *Fortnightly* must have stimulated my unconscious cerebration when I ought to have been enjoying refreshing slumber, for I dreamed that I was at a five-o'clock tea, and that a number of ladies seriously discussed the "revolt of the daughters."

Mrs. C. I don't know what we are coming to. The forwardness and frowardness of girls are beyond belief.

Mrs. F. H. But think what unsympathetic parents some of them have, poor things! Why, a girl I know—I will call her A, so that what I am telling you may not reach the ears of her people—told me she was not allowed to read "Don Quixote" till she was nineteen.

A FRENCH MATRON. *Mais c'est inutile!* Do not your English girls read "Tom Jones" at the age of six?

THE OTHERS (*much shocked*). Madame!

A FRENCH MATRON. But I have heard of your Marjorie Fleming. She knew Shakspeare and "Tom Jones" and your Walter Scott when she was quite little.

Mrs. C. (*with impressive significance*). She died when she was only eight years old. What *would* have become of her at eighteen!

A FRENCH MATRON. But I do not understand. I have read the novels of your Richardson, one of your most virtuous authors, and all his good young ladies know everything.

LADY J. The manners of the eighteenth century are not ours. We do not permit our daughters to know anything of life, for if they did all their romantic illusions would be destroyed; and what is the happiness of maidenhood without illusions?

Mrs. LYNN LINTON. That sentiment is all very well, but you permit your girls to stuff their heads with mathematics at Girton, and attend the life-school at the Academy, and climb mountains, and ride outside omnibuses, and write books of travel, and compete with men in everything. What can you expect? Why, they even wear knickerbockers!

A FRENCH MATRON. *Mon Dieu!*

LADY J. Of course we know, *chère Madame*, that in your country the expression *Mon Dieu* does not mean what its literal translation signifies to an English ear. But forgive me for suggesting that you should not use it in the presence of our girls, as it might have an injurious effect on their illusions.

AN AMERICAN MATRON. Then it strikes me that American customs must sometimes make you feel pretty bad.

LADY J. There is a startling independence about your daughters, I admit.

AN AMERICAN MATRON. Well, we don't interfere with their liberty. They have their own friends, who call on them and never want to see mamma or poppa. They go to the theatre and to concerts with men who have not been introduced to us. They know how to take care of themselves, and they make the marriage market hum.

THE ENGLISH MATRONS (*with a sigh*). They do indeed!

AN AMERICAN MATRON (*pointedly*). Then what's the matter with them?

LADY J. But have they the beautiful illusions which have kept our English girlhood so exquisitely ignorant?

A FRENCH MATRON. Since Monsieur Richardson? Ah! his *démônelles* did not die at the age of eight. *Quel dommage!*

Here I interposed with the suggestion that this desperate alarm about English girls might be merely an illustration of that insular presumption which leads us to regard our social system at a particular period as the only guarantee of virtue. But with the delightful inconsequence of dreams, nobody took any notice of the remark.

It so happens that in a capital story in *Harper's*, Mr. Harding Davis puts this distinction of American manners in an instructive light. The hero endeavours to discover the effect of an anonymous letter about himself written experimentally by a wag at the club to a number of unmarried ladies. He calls on them in turn; and instead of being protected by a hollow square of mothers and duennas, they are all alone, and the *tête-à-tête* in every case is uninterrupted by parents and guardians fearful of conspiracy against "illusions." I can imagine some excellent Englishwomen reading this tale with horror, and drawing conclusions about American society even more absurd than some of the conclusions drawn by Mr. Harding Davis about society in England. However, it is comforting to find oneself on solid and familiar ground in the shape of a commonplace that decorates the Latin grammar. It seems that Russell Lowell once wrote a paper on culture, in which he used the tolerably ancient quotation, "Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes." This is printed in the *Century*, with a footnote in which the editor kindly translates the passage, which ought to be a blessed sheet-anchor to anyone who finds himself at sea with George Moore in the *English Illustrated* or Bernard Shaw in the *Fortnightly*. Mr. Shaw has discovered the superiority of music to diction. To sit before the score of "Op. 90," and pick out its beauties on the piano with one finger is greater bliss to him than anything in Shakspeare. Mr. Moore writes what he calls an "appreciation" of Zola, which will scarcely be relished by that master. Incidentally, Mr. Moore observes that the true artist is "void of morals, patriotism, love, and hate." Some of his criticism of Zola is very acute, and the story of his early associations with the author of "L'Assommoir" is highly entertaining. So much, I fear, cannot be said for the ecclesiastical replies in the *New Review* to Tolstoi's indictment of the Churches. Why anybody should trouble himself about the religious fantasies of a great writer who has definitely taken leave of everything that is sane in literature I cannot imagine.

There is a charming paper in the *Contemporary* on our young writers by "A Fogey," whose sympathetic insight may be commended to Sir Lepel Griffin. In the *Pall Mall Magazine* Sir Lepel Griffin accuses our journalism of dullness. It is dull because it is anonymous, a piece of logic which in an article signed "Lepel Griffin" seems inconclusive. In spite of "heavy official duties," this censor of the Press

found time in India to edit a paper, and occasionally he even wrote the entire issue with his own hand, leading articles, notes, criticisms, prose, and poetry. I do not know what part of India was blessed by this achievement, but no doubt the Afghan mother hushes her babe to sleep with Sir Lepel Griffin's verses, and some Maharajah quotes the criticisms when he wants to be emphatic at the council-board. I see a discussion in *Cassell's Magazine* between Mr. Arnold White and another writer as to the value of emigration. Let the emigrant remember, in whatever part of the world he may find himself, that he can employ his leisure in a light and agreeable way by editing a paper, and even writing the whole of it. L. F. A.

On Feb. 1 a new passenger railway, leading from the Team Valley branch of the North-Eastern Railway and penetrating seven miles into West Durham, was opened for traffic. The new line, which is double for its full length, cost £100,000, much trouble having been caused by colliery subsidences. It is intended to continue the line to Consett, four miles further.

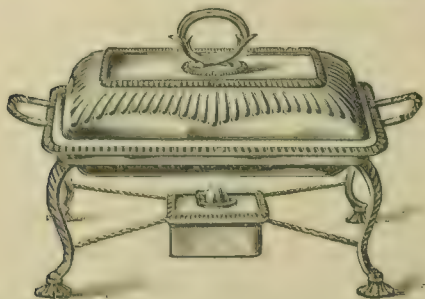
The Lawn Tennis Association held its annual meeting on Jan. 31 in London, Mr. Daniel Jones presiding. Mr. William Renshaw was elected president for this year. A resolution was proposed by Mr. J. G. Brown, of Lancashire, and seconded by Mr. Copson Peake, of Yorkshire, for the adoption of the system of handicapping by "sixths," as a compromise between the "bisque" and the "quarter," to establish uniformity of rule throughout the country. It was supported by Mr. W. H. Collins, and was, after some discussion, agreed to by twenty-two votes against two, but only as a recommendation, not as a compulsory rule.

A memorial has been presented by the Council and Fellows of the Royal Botanic Society of London to the Lords Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury earnestly soliciting that the society may be favoured with an annual grant to enable the council to continue their tenancy of the gardens now held at a heavy rent from her Majesty's Commissioners of Woods and Forests, and to continue the valuable work in which for so long a series of years the Fellows of the Royal Botanic Society have been engaged, knowing that many other scientific societies are assisted by public grants and offices. The council, in support of their application, refer to the fact that the society was formed in the year 1838-39, and its expenditure incurred in response to appeals of the nature conveyed in words used by the Right Hon. Spring Rice, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, addressing the House of Commons in the year 1837, who said "he thought it a disgrace to the country, possessing as it did so many colonies and such vast means of collecting botanical specimens from all parts of the earth, that it should be without an extensive botanical garden for the benefit of medical students and other scientific persons." The memorial, which contains strong reasons for receiving a favourable answer to the request contained therein, is signed by the Earl of Ancaster, one of the vice-presidents of the society.

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Bishop of Mashonaland, 1892:—

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Elliman's Embrocation, but he strongly pre-
ferred the Embrocation to the £1, as one
might be replaced, the other not."

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BERLIOZ'S "FAUST" ON THE STAGE.

The Royal Carl Rosa Opera Company has again to be credited with an artistic achievement of a high order. It has converted Berlioz's "Damnation de Faust" into operatic shape, in imitation of the experiment tried at Monte Carlo a year ago, and the result, as evidenced at the Court Theatre, Liverpool, on Saturday, Feb. 3, may justly be pronounced a complete success.

Thanks to a skilfully devised *mise en scène* and a remarkably good all-round performance, the Liverpool *première* was full of pleasant surprises. It was astonishing how point after point came out where it was least expected. The idea in the opening scene of giving Faust the front of the stage to himself, and making the peasants do their chorus and the soldiers their marching beneath the avenue of trees at the back, was distinctly happy. To make it perfect, the choral singing ought to have been a little louder, and the orchestra more subdued; but then, the conditions were strange to Sir Charles Hallé, who is used to dealing with a powerful band and a much more numerous chorus. By the way, it was eminently the right thing for the pupil and friend of Berlioz, the musician who has done most to secure the "Damnation of Faust," its actual position in English popular favour—to be the conductor on this special occasion, and the warmth of his reception said as much. The "Hungarian March" has never been given under his baton with greater effect, and as a matter of course it was encored and repeated—minus the procession of soldiers. The scene in Faust's study went extremely well. Mr. Barton McGuckin—made up as a healthy, elderly man of letters, not as a tottering old wreck of humanity—imparted a novel and striking significance to the agitated phrases which Faust interpolates amidst the strains of the distant Easter Hymn, and which always sound odd on the concert platform. Mr. Alec Marsh, greatly improved both as singer and actor, contrived, in spite of his nervousness, to present Mephistopheles not only in a fresh guise (quiet black and grey instead of red or black and red), but as a being having many features to distinguish him from the creations of Gounod and Boito. Bar a slight lack of repose, his impersonation throughout was really admirable. The choruses of toppers in Auerbach's cellar came out capitally, the "Amen" fugue particularly. The dream of Faust on the banks of the Elbe was, however, susceptible of much more picturesque treatment, while the conception of the choral scene between the soldiers and students was altogether wrong. The sylphs wanted artistic grouping, and the selection of open country instead of the streets of the city for the shouting of "Jam nox stellata," &c., was as incorrect as the notion that the soldiers were singing while on duty in the ranks. The whole episode needed a more "free and easy" character.

Mr. T. H. Friend, who is responsible for the Carl Rosa stage version, has been most successful altogether in the third act. Here, too, the musical effect approaches most nearly to that of true opera. Familiar as we are with every note, there are certain features—the love duet, for instance, and, still more, the trio when Mephistopheles

hastens the amorous pair away—that came upon one like a revelation. To carry out properly the dramatic situation, Mr. Friend has borrowed an idea from "The Bells." After Margaret has sung her ballad "The King of Thule," she falls asleep, and the back of the cottage becomes transparent, showing Mephistopheles amid rays of green moonlight, surrounded by his demons, all ready to join in his mocking serenade and go through their "Dance of Will o' the Wisps." After this weird picture, the cottage is again illumined, but during the trio the exterior becomes visible once more, and the garrulous women of the neighbourhood are now seen strolling about the Platz as they join in the vocal ensemble. Mlle. Zélie de Lussan, looking a genuine Gretchen in her quaint, unpretentious gown, was charming in this scene, her singing being marked by delightful ease and purity of style. She was ably supported, moreover, by Mr. McGuckin (a handsome, youthful Faust in a new costume designed by Mr. Percy Anderson) and Mr. Alec Marsh.

Dr. Joachim made his first appearance this season at the Popular Concerts on Monday, Feb. 5. A drenching downpour of rain prevented there being a crowded attendance; but, nevertheless, the audience, mindful that 1894 sees the fiftieth anniversary of the great violinist's début in this country, gave him an exceptionally hearty welcome when he came forward to lead Beethoven's "Rasoumowsky" quartet in F, the demonstration being renewed when he came back to play as a solo the Adagio from Spohr's seventh concerto. He was in magnificent form, and played throughout in his finest manner. After the Spohr Dr. Joachim was enthusiastically recalled, and, responding to the evident wish for an encore, he gave an unaccompanied Allegro in C by Bach in inimitable fashion; while, to wind up with, he took the leading part in one of Haydn's favourite quartets. Miss Fanny Davies contributed a couple of pieces by Beethoven to the programme, and Madame Bertha Moore was the vocalist.

A telegram has been received from Sierra Leone, confirming the rumour of another collision between British and French colonial native police in the interior. It is believed to have been on the northern frontier of the Sierra Leone territory; and it is supposed that no European officers were present. A report has reached Liverpool that the French have annexed a place named Half Cavally, adjoining the Liberian coast.

The Belgian Administration of the Congo State has received satisfactory reports concerning Captain Dhanis and the incidents which attended the battle of Kassongo. This puts an end to alarming rumours of the death of the chief, the expedition against the Arabs, the desertion of Gongo Lutete on the battle-field, and the complete rout of the troops of the Congo State by Runaliza. Captain Dhanis was able to maintain his position at Kassongo. The news of his subsequent operations is now awaited, to know whether he received the reinforcements he expected from Lusambo, or whether Captain Jacques was able to operate a diversion in his favour on Lake Tanganyika.

OBITUARY.

SIR HUGH HUME-CAMPBELL.

Sir Hugh Hume-Campbell, Baronet of Marchmont, county Berwick, died at his residence in Hill Street, Berkeley Square, London, on Jan. 30. Sir William Purves, Solicitor-General for Scotland in the time of King Charles II., and ancestor of Sir Hugh, was created a Baronet in 1665. The surname of Hume-Campbell, instead of that of Purves, was assumed on the death of Hugh, Earl of Marchmont, in 1792, whose sister married Sir William Purves, the fourth Baronet. The late Baronet was only son of Sir William Hume-Campbell, and was born Dec. 15, 1812. For several years he represented the county of Berwick in Parliament. Sir Hugh married, in 1834, Margaret, daughter of Mr. John Spottiswoode, of Spottiswoode, county Berwick, and by that lady had one daughter and, in her issue, heir, viz.: Helen, who married Sir George Warrender, Bart., and died in 1875. Lady Hume-Campbell died in 1839, and Sir Hugh married secondly, in 1841, Juliana Rebecca, only daughter of Lieutenant-General Sir Joseph Fuller, G.C.H., but that lady also predeceased him in 1886, leaving no issue. The present Baronet, Sir John Purves, who was born in 1879, is son of the late Mr. Charles Hyde Home Purves, great-grandson of the fifth Baronet.

We have also to record the deaths of—

General Sir Frederick Horn, G.C.B., K.C.B., C.B., at Buckley Hall, Rugby, on Jan. 26. The late General, who commanded a brigade, Fourth Division, at the Alma and 20th Regiment at Balaclava and Inkerman, was Colonel Lancashire Fusiliers, and an officer of the Legion of Honour. He was son of Captain Frederick Jacob Horn, of Verden, and was born in 1806. In 1852 he married Mary Moor, only child of Mr. Moor Wilson, which lady died in 1858.

Dame Margaret Heywood, wife of Sir Thomas Percival Heywood, Bart., at Claremont, Manchester, on Jan. 30. She was daughter of Mr. Thomas Heywood, of Hope End, Herefordshire.

Under the Bering Sea International Convention the seal-killing regulations will be enforced jointly by British and American Government patrolling squadrons, and the United States Government is equipping a strong naval force to prevent poaching and other illegal practices.

The University of Brussels closed its doors on Jan. 29 in consequence of riotous demonstrations of the students, resenting the postponement of the course of lectures which M. Elisée Reclus had arranged to deliver. The Council of Administration of the University, which decided upon taking this course, had to consider that M. Elisée Reclus, though an eminent author and professor of geographical science, is also a leading French Socialist agitator, and has recently been visited by police investigations, which were deemed needful in Paris, though no charge of conspiracy was brought against him.

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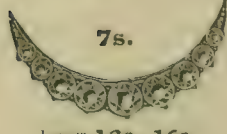
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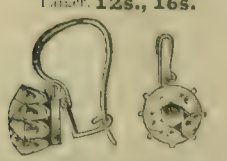
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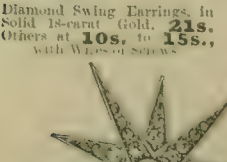
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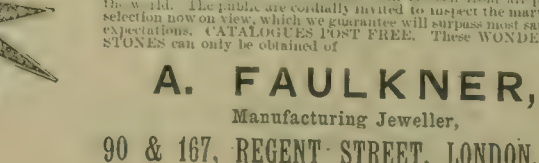
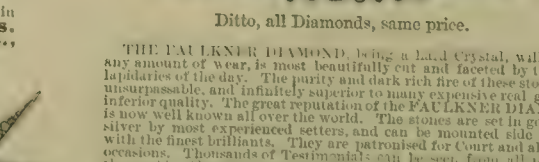
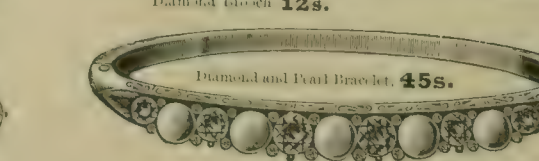
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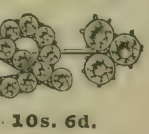
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BISHOP WILLIAM TAYLOR writes: “High Barnet, Oct. 28, 1891.—My dear old Friend,—I have used ‘Homoea,’ and proved its healing virtue both for severe **bruises** and **flesh wounds**, and also to kill the virus of mosquitoes and chiggon (jiggers).—Yours very truly, “WM. TAYLOR (Bishop).
“American Methodist Episcopal Mission.”

“HOMOECA” FOR BLEEDING PILES.

LORD CARRICK writes: “Mount Juliet, Thomastown, Oct. 26, 1891.—I wish to testify to the good hand of God my Father upon me, in blessing your ‘Homoea’ in healing me of **bleeding piles**. To Him be all the praise and glory. I suffered from this distressing malady for five months, during which time I tried various remedies, and had caustic applied twice, but without any relief. I was advised to undergo a severe operation under ether as the only cure. At last I tried ‘Homoea,’ and in two or three days I found the healing had begun, and in a fortnight I was cured. I strongly advise all who suffer from this most distressing malady to give ‘Homoea’ a trial.”

“HOMOECA” FOR LAMENESS FROM BLOW, STIFF ELBOW, SCURVY, &c.

THE EARL OF CARRICK writes further under date of Feb. 17, 1892: “Enclosed you have postal orders for 9s. Please send me three boxes of ‘Homoea.’ I gave some to a labourer of mine who had a **bad boil** on his side, and a stone fell on his leg above the knee, and then on his instep, so that he was quite lame. To-day I saw him after four days, and I said: ‘What did the “Homoea” do for you?’ ‘Oh,’ he said, ‘I am entirely cured; and not only that, but my wife has had a **pain in her elbow**, so that she could not bend her arm for a year, and it has cured that.’ I also gave some to a woman with **scurvy on the leg**, and it is doing her good, so I want a box for each of them. It is the most wonderful stuff I ever came across.”

“HOMOECA” FOR RHEUMATISM.

LORD COMBERMERE writes:—“Carlton Club, London, Nov. 9, 1887.—I have tried your ‘Homoea’ upon myself for **rheumatism** and I found it do more good than any embrocation I have ever used, and several of my friends have benefited by its use.”

“HOMOECA” IN INFLAMMATION.

H. M. STANLEY writes:—“2, Richmond Terrace, Whitehall, London, May 27, 1892.—Dear Sir,—Your Ointment called ‘Homoea’ was found to be the most soothing and efficacious unguent that I could possibly have for my **fractured limb** as it seems to retain longer than any other that oleaginousness so requisite for perfect and efficient massage. The fault of

embrocations generally is that they harden and require warmth, whereas yours, besides being particularly aromatic, is as soft as oil and almost instantly mollifying in the case of severe inflammation.—Yours faithfully, “HENRY M. STANLEY.”

“HOMOECA” FOR NEURALGIA.

“8, Ebury Street, London, S.W., Oct. 7, 1892.
“MARIA, LADY VINCENT finds ‘Homoea’ such an incomparable application for **rheumatic neuralgia**, that she wishes to have two more tins sent, and encloses cheque.”

“HOMOECA” FOR ALL KINDS OF PAIN.

MR. J. W. C. FEGAN (The Boys’ Home) writes: “95, Southwark Street, London, S.E., April 8, 1893.—Dear Sir,—I know no preparation like ‘Homoea’ for general usefulness in an institution like this. I have thoroughly tested it by personal application, and amongst our boys, for all kinds of pain and accidents; it does all that it is guaranteed to do, and we would not be without it here on any account. It is not only a wonderful lubricant, but strongly antiseptic, and **relieves inflammation** and pain almost instantaneously. Personally I cannot express my thankfulness for it. I have used it for all kinds of ailments during the last eight years here, and at sea, and in Canada. For **stiffness, sprains, muscular rheumatism, sore throat, mosquito bites, &c.**, it is a real boon, and no praise can be too high for it. No one need be afraid to use it for even the most tender part, or even on raw flesh. I have frequently used it for my **eyesight** with much benefit.—Yours, &c., “J. W. C. FEGAN.”

“HOMOECA” is a remedy that should always be in the house. People will get burnt, bruised, and hurt in various ways. Colds in the Head come on without warning. “Homoea” used as directed will check it. For a “Homoea” ointment, irritation, and subdues inflammation at once. Sold by Dealers at 1 1/2 and 2 9 per box, or free by post from the Homoea Co., 21, Hamilton Square, Birkenhead, for 1 3 and 3 6. HOOPER, Chemist, LONDON BRIDGE, S.E.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 15, 1889) of the Rev. Edward Algernon Barker, of Ludlow, Salop, who died on Jan. 21, has been proved by Thomas Henry Atherden, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £156,000. Subject to a few bequests, the testator leaves all his real and personal estate to the said Thomas Henry Atherden.

The will (dated Aug. 11, 1892) of Mr. Edward Cooper, formerly of The Laurels, Albemarle Road, Beckenham, and late of 19, Church Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea, who died on Dec. 14, was proved on Jan. 23 by Thomas Askwith, George Binks, and Alfred Cooper, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £59,000. The testator gives £200, all his furniture, jewellery, and effects, and an annuity of £500 to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Cooper; his house, The Laurels, to his son Alfred; £300 each to his executors; £500 each to Lucy Susan Cooper, Maude Mary Jane Cooper, and Mary Goodman; £200 to Charles Lens Aldous; an annuity of £26 to Catherine Cooper; £400 per annum to his sister Julia Aldous for life, and at her death £10,000 to Edward Goodman. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his said son for life, and then for his children in equal shares. In default of such children the income is then to be paid to his sister Julia Aldous for life, and at her death one fourth of the ultimate residue is to go to the children of each of his cousins, John George Goodman, John Charrington, Thomas Charrington, and Ellen Ware.

The will (dated March 3, 1890), with a codicil (dated Feb. 12, 1891), of Mr. William Speed, Q.C., of Lincoln's Inn, and 15, Devonshire Place, Portland Place, who died on Dec. 4, was proved on Jan. 23 by Mrs. Fanny Harriet Speed, the widow, and Lancelot Speed, the son, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £39,000. The testator bequeaths his residence, 15, Devonshire Place, all his furniture and effects (except a few articles specially bequeathed), a mortgage debt of £950, and the amount standing to his credit at his bankers to his wife; and there are some bequests to children. All his stock in any railway or public company or corporation, and any other securities or security whatsoever, he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife, for life, while unmarried, and in the event of her marrying again, one moiety of the income; and, subject thereto, for his children as she shall appoint, and in default of appointment to his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Sept. 16, 1892) of Mr. Frederick King, of Fryern House, Storrington, Sussex, who died on Dec. 3, was proved on Jan. 27, by Robert Maitland King, the son, one of the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to upwards of £36,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to his wife, Mrs. Charlotte Mary King; £3000 each to his sons, except the one who shall become entitled to his real estate; £1000, upon trust, for his eldest daughter, in addition to £2000 already settled upon her; and he states that his youngest daughter being

provided for he does not leave her anything by will; all his real estate, with the plate, furniture, and effects at Fryern House, charged with annuities of £70 to his sister-in-law, L. H. H. Playfair, and of £300 to his wife, he gives to his eldest son William Frederick, and in the event of his dying without issue to his second son, Robert Maitland. The residue of his personal estate he leaves to his said eldest son, but directs him, in default of having issue, by will to vest his money in the funds; and all his plate, furniture and effects, horses and carriages at Fryern House in the person who shall succeed to his (testator's) real estate. He appoints a sum of £10,000 under his marriage settlement equally among all his children.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of the county of Edinburgh, of the trust disposition and codicil (dated respectively March 3, 1887, and Dec. 26, 1890), of Major Colin Campbell, formerly of the Madras Cavalry, and late of 12, Walker Street, Edinburgh, and 3, Windsor Terrace, Portobello, who died on Oct. 14, granted to Colonel Robert Byng Patricia Price Campbell, C.B., David Ogilvy Meiklejohn, Joseph Campbell Penney, and Colonel William Meiklejohn, his nephews, was resealed in London on Jan. 20, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to over £37,000.

The will (dated Sept. 29, 1887) of Miss Sarah Jane Murphy, of 3, Tufnell Park Road, Holloway, who died on Dec. 14, was proved on Jan. 11 by Mrs. Sophia Fernie, the sister, Mrs. Mary Jay, and Frank Ford Johnson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £34,000. The testatrix bequeaths £7000 each to her nephew and niece, Thomas Burton Murphy and Ellen Knox, besides some specific gifts of plate, &c., to them; and many legacies to other of her relatives, servants, executors, and others. The residue of her property she gives to her sister, Mrs. Fernie.

The will (dated Nov. 12, 1893) of Mrs. Mary Burrows, of 6, Craven Hill Gardens, Hyde Park, who died on Nov. 17, was proved on Jan. 10 by Miss Isabella Head, the sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £25,000. The testatrix bequeaths £500 each to her sisters, Miss Lucy Read and Mrs. Elizabeth Bull; £2000 to Mrs. Avis Burrows; and her interest in certain policies of insurance to Henry Maldon Burrows and Charles William Burrows. The residue of her estate whatsoever she leaves to Miss Isabella Head, and she requests her, so far as she shall think proper, to apply same, or such part as she shall think proper, for such charitable or other purposes as she shall think to be in accordance with her wishes; but this expression of her opinion is not to be considered as imposing any trust.

The will (dated May 6, 1884) of Mr. James Spence, of the firm of Richardson, Spence, and Co., merchants, Liverpool, late of 3, St. Aidan Terrace, Birkenhead, who died on Dec. 20, at 38, Charlotte Square, Edinburgh, was proved in London on Jan. 17 by Mrs. Margaret Sinclair Spence, the widow, and acting executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £24,000. The testator bequeaths an immediate legacy of £1000 and all his house-

hold furniture and effects to his wife. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay £20,000 to his wife, and the ultimate residue to all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Dec. 9, 1893) of Mr. Charles Williams, of Rickerscote, Staffordshire, who died on Dec. 11, was proved on Jan. 13 by Isaac Edward Everett and Charles Frederic Hand, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £24,000. The testator, after giving legacies to cousins, executors, servants, and others, leaves the residue of his real and personal estate, upon trust, for Lucy Brownlow, for life, and then for his nephew John Ormerod Scarlett Thursby, absolutely.

The will (dated Oct. 31, 1893) of Mr. Hugh Cunyng-hame, of 7, Tor Gardens, Campden Hill, who died on Dec. 9, was proved on Jan. 25 by the Rev. James McPherson Campbell, the acting executor, the value of the personal exceeding £10,000. The testator bequeaths £1090 to the Bishop of London's Fund; £1000 to the Royal National Life-Boat Institution; £500 to the West London Hospital, Hammersmith; £500 to the Vicar of St. Mary Abbott's, Kensington, to be applied by him for the benefit of the poor of the said parish; and legacies to relatives and others. As to the residue of his estate, he gives two equal third parts to his cousin John James Johnstone; and the ultimate residue to his cousins, the Rev. James McPherson Campbell and James Cunyng-hame Howden.

The Irish mail car from Waterford to New Ross, on the night of Feb. 1, was attacked by a gang of ten or twelve highway robbers, demanding money. The driver and four passengers, who were commercial travellers, beat off their assailants with sticks, and drove on to the town.

The extremely handy pocket editions of Mr. Edward Walford's "Peerage," "Baronetage," "Knighthood," and "House of Commons" are once more published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus. For one shilling an immense amount of information carefully compiled and clearly printed is contained in these capital little books, bound in different colours. The "Peerage" rejoices in scarlet covers; the "Baronetage" is blue as the blood which is supposed to distinguish this order of mankind; the "House of Commons" is in green, possibly in prospect of Home Rule; while the "Knighthood" is in "a brown study." For the desk or writing-case these books are most excellent.

At the Marlborough Street Police Court, on Jan. 31, Mr. Hannay, the magistrate, decided against the criminal prosecution of Mr. Cornelius Bennett Harness, managing director of the Medical Battery Company, Mr. C. B. Hollier, and Mr. J. M. McCully on the charge of conspiring to defraud the purchasers of their electric belts. A number of witnesses stated that these belts had cured them of different maladies; and Mr. Hannay thought if the case went to a trial no jury would convict the defendants of fraud; but he much disapproved of the way in which they had conducted their business, in exacting large sums of money beforehand from certain of their special patients.

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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Canon Rowsell was in early life a friend of Newman; in fact, one of Newman's latest sermons before he left the Church of England was preached in Mr. Rowsell's church. Ultimately, however, he became a disciple of Professor Maurice, whose influence is continually perceived to have been greater than anyone ever imagined during his lifetime. Canon Rowsell was singularly happy in his own domestic life, and his special cult was the domestic affections. It was the death of his wife, the companion of fifty years, that finally broke him down.

We ought to have a full and authoritative history of "Hymns Ancient and Modern." Prebendary Pulling, the Rector of Eastnor, who died recently, was for a considerable time chairman of the hymn committee. It is stated that his critical faculty was acute and his judgment trustworthy, and that during the course of years in which he acted as chairman he conducted the business with great assiduity and skill. Other chairmen were the Rev. Sir H. W. Baker and Mr. Harrison.

The S. P. C. K. has declined to circulate the Cambridge "Companion to the Bible," presumably on the ground that its critical views are too far advanced. In a dignified letter published in the *Guardian*, Professor Lumby, who

edited the volume, gives quotations to show that the book is orthodox. "That the writers have put forward no theory of inspiration," says Professor Lumby, "is a charge that they willingly share with the Church of England."

It is stated in various newspapers that the stall in Westminster Abbey vacant by the death of Canon Rowsell will, as advocated by Dr. Westcott when he became Bishop of Durham, not be filled up, the income being appropriated for the fabric fund.

Training homes for the women agents of the Church Pastoral Aid Society are to be established in various centres of population. The ladies will have to pay a contribution to working expenses; they are to take no vows, and their work is to be conducted on Evangelical and Protestant lines.

Limelight views are now apparently almost invariable accompaniments of Church Defence lectures. They attract great attention, and bring together large audiences.

I understand that arrangements have been made for the translation of M. Sabatier's book on St. Francis of Assisi. The volume is exceedingly popular on the Continent, and, although written by a Protestant, has gained the imprimatur of the Pope.

The Dean of Norwich has a pleasant way of getting his younger clergy together: he has a monthly breakfast, after

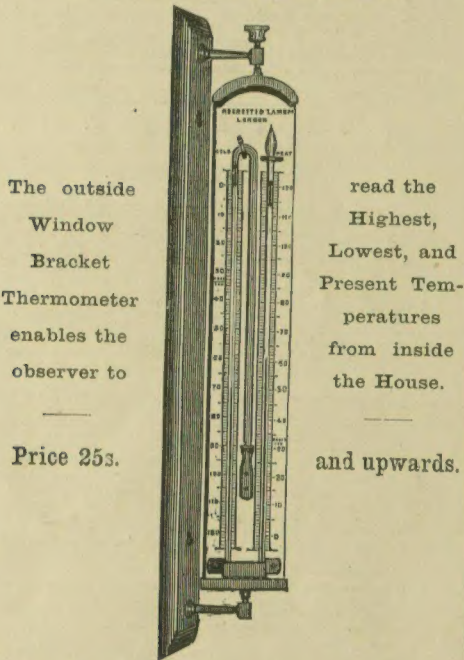
which all adjourn to the library, where an hour and a half is spent in the study of the Greek Testament, some phases of pastoral work, and devotion. Those who attend the meeting have presented the Dean with a purse of gold as a contribution to the restoration of the Cathedral.

The parish church of Swansea is to be restored at a cost of £25,000; to this no less than £6652 has already been subscribed.

I have much pleasure in inserting the following note from "Peter Lombard's" always interesting contributions to the *Church Times*: "The writer of 'Ecclesiastical Notes' in *The Illustrated London News* sometimes quotes me, never unfairly or unkindly, but in the current number he has quite misunderstood what I said here about Mrs. Proudie. He represents me as saying that Mrs. Proudie was not a Bishop's wife when Trollope wrote his novel. What I said was this: that certain correspondents had written to me identifying the famous 'episcopess' with a certain lady who is at present gracing an episcopal palace; to which I replied that this must be wrong, because the lady named was not a Bishop's wife when the novel was written, and, therefore, could not have been the original of Mrs. Proudie. And I added that I believed I knew who was really meant. She was a Bishop's wife, and made other people know it."

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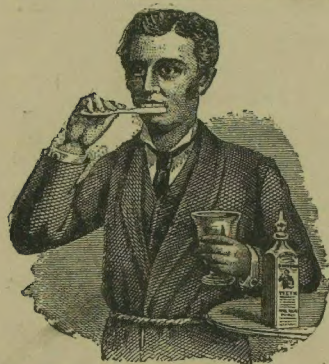
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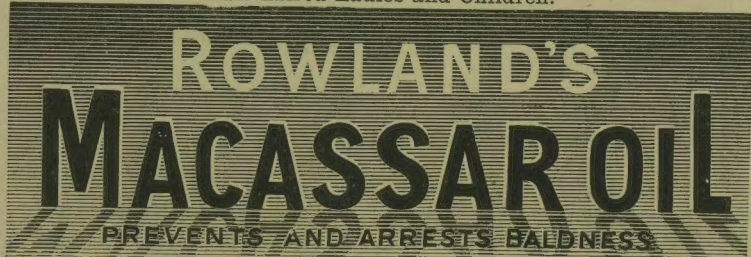
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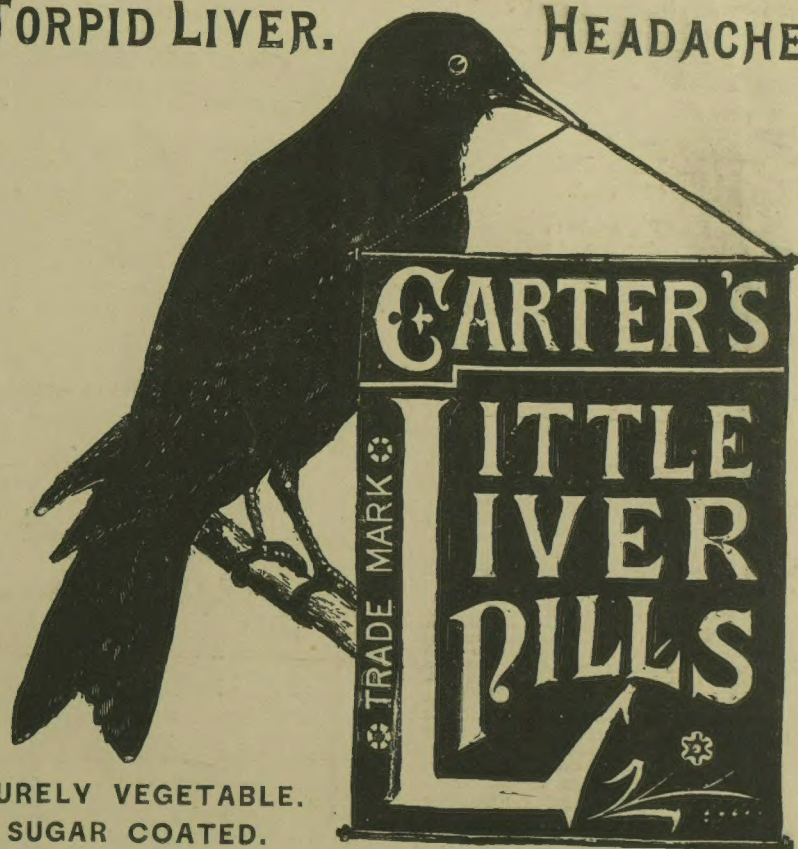
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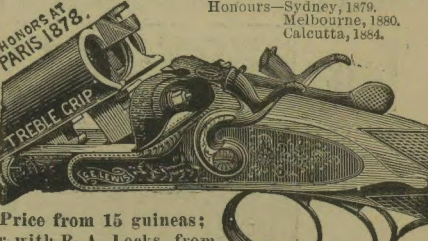
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